



# California ~ Beginnings

BY

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People-to-People Program-USA

*Illustrated by*

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## FOREWORD

Increasing attention is being paid in California public schools—and, indeed, elsewhere—to the romantic period in the history of the state which began at the founding of the first mission at San Diego and ended within the personal recollection of many of us. Children are always intensely interested in the color and adventure of the “Old Spanish Days,” but our schools have lacked suitable reading material on the period.

Miss Hoffman has made a notable contribution to the meager children’s literature available. An incurable romantic herself, as well as a skillful and resourceful teacher, she brings to her task a rich equipment of knowledge coupled with a rare sympathy with and understanding of the child’s heart.

ROBERT HILL LANE



## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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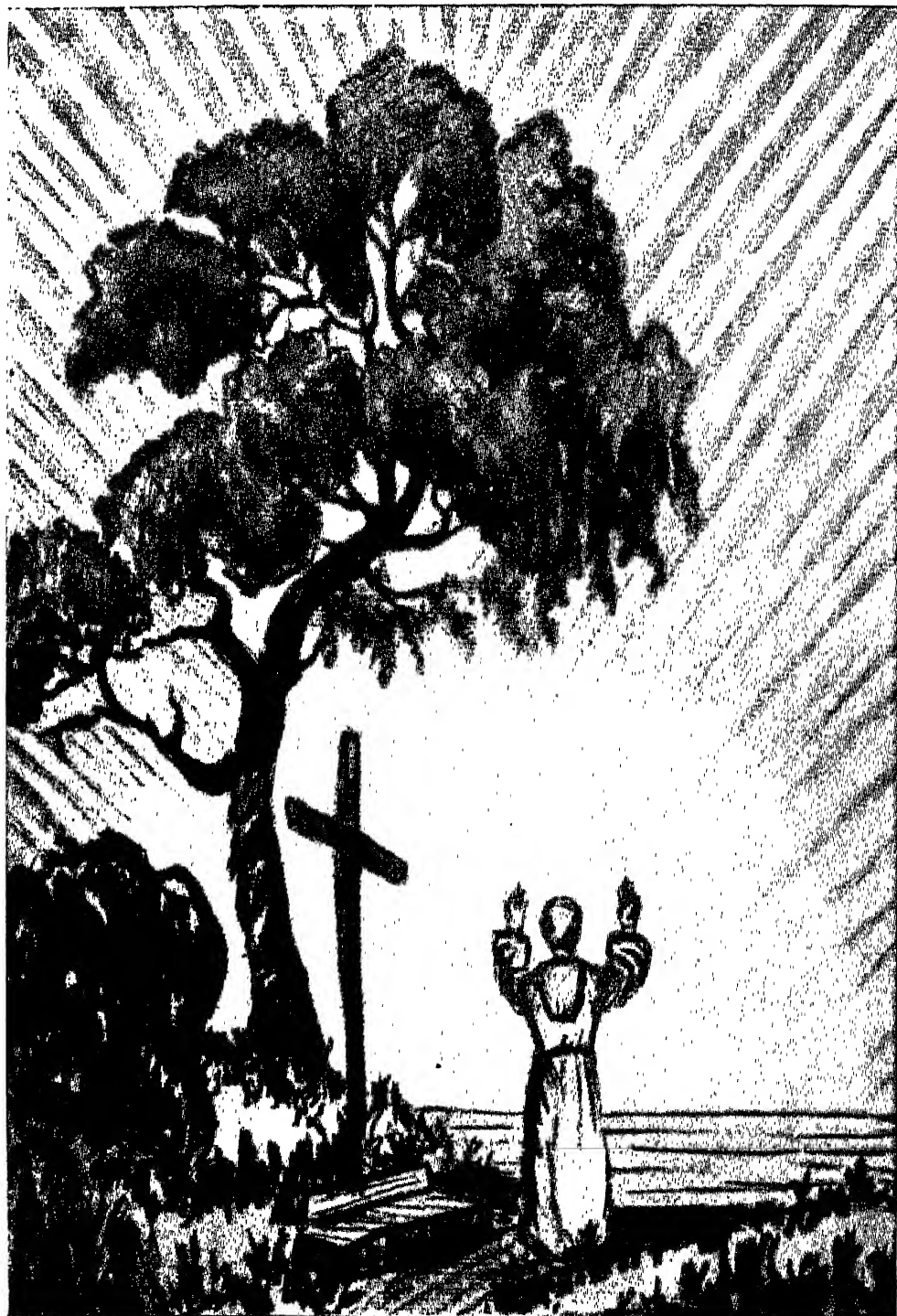
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He stretched out his hands and prayed.

# CALIFORNIA~BEGINNINGS

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## MISSION

### *San Carlos Borroméo Is Founded*

**P**ADRE JUNIPERO SERRA pulled hard on the rope. The great bell swung out and back. It rang loudly, clearly. He pulled again and again, and all the people threw back their heads to listen and watch.

Then he dropped the rope. He stepped back. Slowly and more slowly the bell swung. It stopped.

Padre Serra turned and came to the altar under the oak tree. The people knelt. He stretched out his hands and prayed.

Beside him lay the bright blue bay of Monterey. The ship *San Antonio* rode quietly near the shore. Not far away a whale rolled his gray back above the water. The branches of the oak tree dipped and dipped in the waves.

The morning sun shone on the white robes of the padres and on their green stoles. It shone on the black heads of the kneeling Indians. It shone on Governor Portolá's scarlet and blue suit, and on the bright plumes on his hat.

But brighter than anything else it shone on were an image of Our Lady and a silver bowl of water that stood on the altar.



Padre Serra blessed the water in the silver bowl. With it he sprinkled the cross that stood beside him as high as two men. Then he walked up the beach and through the fields, and all the people followed him. He sprinkled the beach and the fields with the holy water to drive away all evil spirits.

After that he and Padre Crespí sang a solemn high mass. There was no organ to make music for the service, but far off the waves boomed. On the ship the cannons roared, while on the shore the soldiers' muskets answered.

It was a long service. For nearly two hours the people knelt or stood while the padres preached or sang. At the last everyone stood. They sang *Te Deum Laudamus*. The muskets and the cannon gave a last salute.

So on June 3, 1770, San Carlos Borroméo began.

San Carlos was not the first mission in California. It was never the largest mission. It was not even the most beautiful mission, but it was Padre Serra's own. He called it home, and, when the chain of missions was flung like a rosary along the coast from San Diego to San Francisco, San Carlos was their capital.

Along the trail that led to its great arched door, there came governors and gay *caballeros*, soldiers and officers, and proud and important visitors from far countries.

At last there came to rest within its walls many of those governors and officers and *caballeros*. Padre Serra himself rests even now beneath a broken stone slab on "the gospel side of the altar."

---

*Bahía de los Pinos*

It is more than one hundred and fifty years ago that Padre Serra rang the bells beside the Bay of Monterey. Yet even then Monterey was an old, old port, and it was known and talked about in the far countries of the world.

It was two hundred years before Padre Serra stepped upon its shores that the first white man sailed between its pine-grown headlands. That man was Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo. Cabrillo was sent by the king of Spain. The king told him to sail north along the coast of Mexico. He told him to sail farther north than any man had ever gone before. He also commanded him to claim all the land he touched upon for Spain, and to make maps and charts of it.

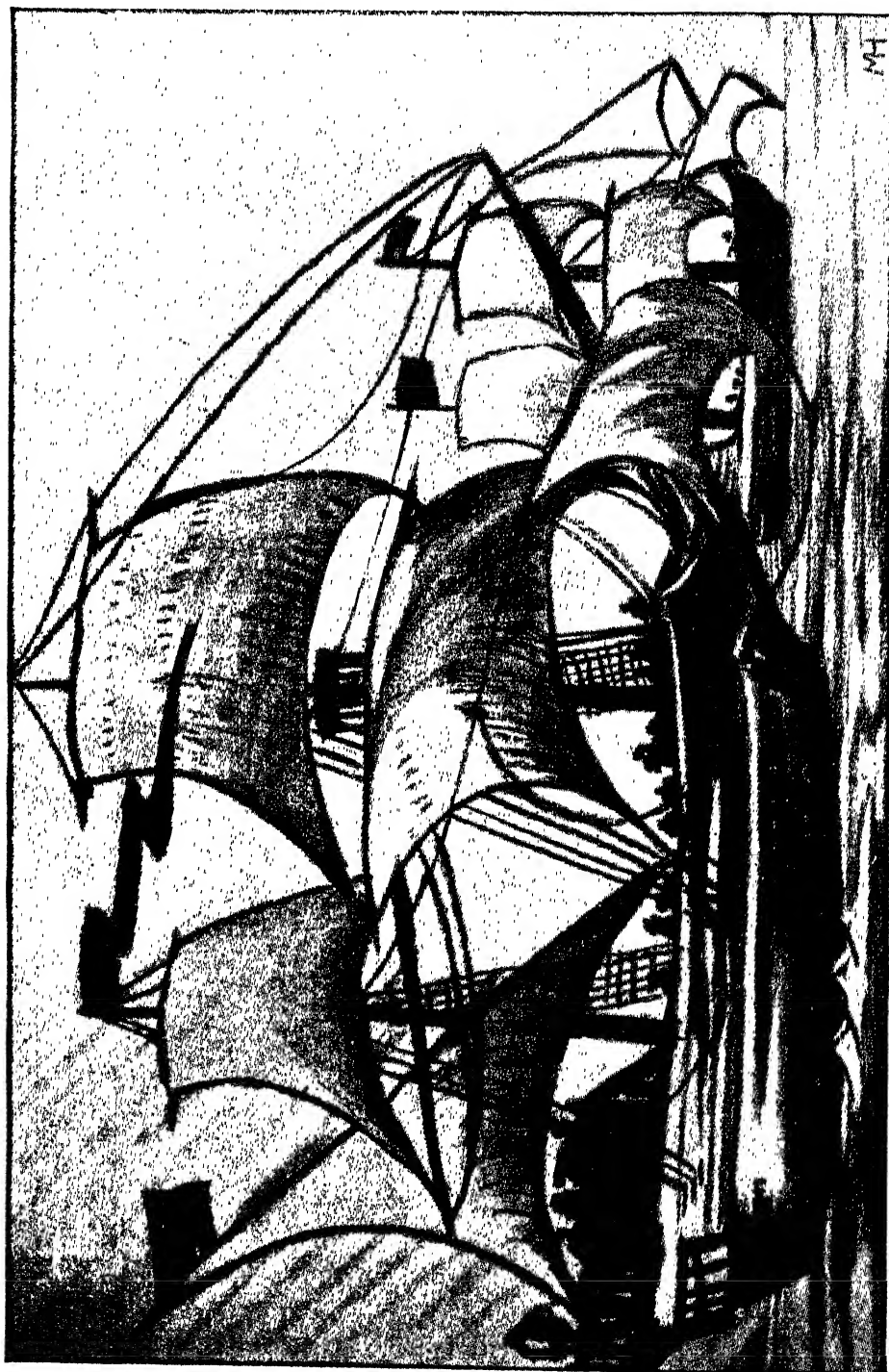
In June, 1542, Cabrillo sailed from Navidad, in Mexico. He had two small ships. They were very poorly built. One of them did not even have a deck, but that did not bother Cabrillo or his men. They were excited and very gay. They were going to find strange new lands where no white man had ever been before.

They sailed north and north. At first they had charts to show them how to go. Spanish sailors had gone as far as Cedros Island. After they left Cedros Island, there was no map, no chart, to guide them. Still they sailed north.

Just three months after they left Navidad, they came into the great curved bay of San Diego.

They landed and claimed the country for Spain.

At first, the Indians of the country were afraid of Cabrillo and



They sailed north and north.

his men, but soon they crowded around them. They looked at the explorers' strange clothing. They put out their fingers to touch the bright buttons and the fine cloth. They stared at the "boats with wings."

Cabrillo named the bay *San Miguel*.

He and his men stayed in the bay for nearly a week. Then they sailed north again. They stopped at each harbor or island. They traded with the Indians. They claimed the land for the king, and gave names to its bays and valleys and villages. One island they called the *Pueblo de Sardinas* because there they had found such "good and fresh sardines."

Santa Monica Bay they called the Bay of Smokes because there they saw so many smokes. The Indians were having a rabbit hunt. They were burning off the brush and grass so that they could find the rabbits.

Each day was like a holiday as Cabrillo and his men sailed along the shore. They had fresh fruits and fish from the islands, and each man had found strange and wonderful treasures to carry home.

But summer was now over. It began to grow cold. Storms blew up on the ocean. The ships ran close to San Miguel Island. Cabrillo called it *La Posesión*. The men stayed there a week.

While they were there, Cabrillo broke his arm close to the shoulder. There was no doctor on the ship to care for it properly and it did not heal.

After this they tried to sail back to the mainland. But a great storm struck them. The winds blew the ships about. The waves rolled over the ships as if they were rocks.

When the wind had gone down and the waves were quieter, they found that they were near a long arm of land. It stretched out into the sea. It was covered with low, wind-twisted pines.

Cabrillo's broken arm would not heal and he was very ill. The men were wet and cold and hungry, but they did not forget the king's orders. They brought out the flag of Spain. Cabrillo stood up and called out over the water:

"In the name of his Majesty and of the most illustrious Señor Don Antonio de Mendoza, I take possession of this harbor and the land about it."

He named the long point of land *Punta de los Pinos*. And he called the harbor *Bahía de los Pinos*.

There is a Point of Pines today which curves around a bay where pine trees grow down to the water's edge. We call it Monterey Bay. It is believed that this was the very bay which Cabrillo saw from his ship. It is believed that this was the land and the harbor of which he said, "I take possession in the name of his Majesty."

Cabrillo wrote down all that he and his men had seen and done. He said that it was too stormy to land. He said that they had taken the bay for the king.

Because the storms would not let them land, the ships sailed south. They came again to La Posesión, or San Miguel. They dropped anchor and stayed there until spring.

While they lay in port, their commander died. On January 3, 1543, he called Captain Ferrelo to him. He told him he was

dying. He asked him to carry out the king's orders. He said, "Whatever happens, do not stop exploring that coast."

Cabrillo's soldiers buried him beneath the sands of San Miguel. Perhaps they placed a stone to mark his grave. If so, it crumbled long ago, and no one knows where he lies.

Before they sailed away, the soldiers renamed the island *Juan Rodríguez*. They named it for their commander, who was the first white man to explore the shores of our California.

Captain Ferrelo obeyed Cabrillo. He sailed north again. He sailed beyond California and touched the shores of what is now Oregon. Then he had to turn back.

Nine months after they left it, the ships came again into the port of Navidad. Cabrillo was not with them. But his records gave to Spain and all the world their first knowledge of our California.



Then Viscaíno set up the flag of Spain.

---

*El Puerto Famoso*

The giant oak, beneath whose branches Padre Serra sang high mass, had sheltered, long, long before, another brave and pious band.

Just sixty years after Cabrillo had sailed along California's coast, another brave explorer sailed between the rounded headlands of Monterey's pine-grown shore.

Sebastián Viscaíno landed in 1602 on the shores of Monterey Bay. Beneath a giant oak tree whose branches dipped in the water, his soldiers built an arbor. While all the people knelt, Tomás de Aquino sang high mass.

Then Viscaíno set up the flag of Spain. Using the same words that Cabrillo had used, he stretched out his hand and called, "I claim this port and all the land about it in the name of his Majesty, Don Felipe III." He named the bay for the viceroy of New Spain, the Count of Monterey.

Viscaíno had started from Acapulco, in Mexico, seven months before. He was sent out by the king of Spain, just as Cabrillo had been sent, to explore the coast of California.

He had three small ships and more than two hundred men. He stopped at every harbor and island, just as Cabrillo had stopped. He named them and claimed them for the king. Of course, he knew that Cabrillo had taken and named most of them before him. That was long, long ago, and the records of the journey had been laid away and almost forgotten. So Viscaíno renamed almost every point and bay and island.



Because he described them so carefully, because he made such good maps of them, and because his records were printed in many histories of that day, the names he gave were remembered. Today all along the coast of Lower California and our California, we find those Spanish names that Viscaíno gave.

As they sailed north along the coast, Viscaíno and his men thought each port was more beautiful than the last. They wrote long letters to the king. They described the Indians. Some, they said, were "fine-looking, with large dwellings and many rancherías."

They told the king about the trees and vines and flowers. They said they found many signs of silver and gold. They thought they found amber at one place.

But when they sailed into Monterey Bay, Viscaíno thought it must be the best port in the world. He called it a *puerto famoso*, and long after, people who had never seen it wrote of it as *un puerto famoso*. Viscaíno wrote that it was sheltered from all winds. It was deep enough for the largest ship "or a whale," he said. And near it grew enough pine trees to make masts for the ships of all the world.

He said that around it he found rabbits and quail and geese and ducks. He found deer "larger than cows" and bears "the prints of whose feet were nine inches broad."

Before Viscaíno and his men left the port, they explored the country about it. They found and named Carmelo river and bay. They named them for the Carmelite padres who had come with them.

While they lay in port, they decided to send one ship back to Mexico. On it they sent all the records and maps and the letters they had written. They sent, too, all the men who were sick, for already nearly half the men of the crew were sick with scurvy.

When they had taken on water and wood, the men who were left boarded the two ships. They left the quiet waters of Monterey Bay and set sail to the north. Great storms tossed them about. They were always wet and hungry and ill. But they sailed until they were a little farther north than Ferrelo had been. Then they turned toward home.

Every man on board was ill. They were so ill that the commander dared not cast anchor in any port because he "did not have men strong enough to raise the anchors."

When they came again to Lower California, "the sick were crying aloud. Those who were able to walk or to go on all-fours were not able to manage the sails."

Ten months after they left the port of Acapulco, they cast anchor in it again.

They learned that the ship carrying the sick and their records back to Mexico had arrived. They learned also that only a few of those on board had lived.

Viscaíno hurried to Mexico City. He told the viceroy all about his journey. He told him about *el puerto famoso*. He asked the viceroy to give him men and supplies. He said that he would make a settlement there.

The viceroy told him that he would have to ask the king. So Viscaíno sailed to Spain. The king was interested in Viscaíno's

tales of strange new lands. But he waited so long before doing anything that Viscaíno would not stay. He sailed away to seek new adventures.

He went to China and Japan and the Philippine Islands, and again he came to New Spain. There, when he was an old man, word came to him that the king wished him to settle Monterey.

He was very happy. He bustled about getting ships and men and supplies. Ever since he had been there, he had wished to see again the blue bay of Monterey.

The ships were nearly ready to sail when Viscaíno died, and there was no one to go to Monterey.

For more than one hundred and fifty years there was no one to go. People came to think of that far, strange port as of a port in fairyland, and in time Viscaíno's *puerto famoso* came to be called "the lost port."

---

*Finding a Lost Port*

## THE JOURNEY BY SEA

It was one hundred and sixty-seven years after Viscaíno came to Monterey until another white man set foot upon its shores.

It seemed as if the lost port would never be found again.

Then a new king, Carlos III, was made ruler of Spain. He was afraid that the English or the Russians would take his California. He ordered Gálvez, viceroy of New Spain, to find the port of Monterey. He ordered him to start a mission and a presidio there, and to start other missions and presidios along the coast.

Gálvez set to work. He called Don Gaspar de Portolá, governor of Lower California. He made him commander in chief of all the men who were to make the journey to Monterey. Some of the men were to make the journey by land, and the others were to go by sea.

Then Gálvez called Padre Junípero Serra, the president of the missions of Lower California, and asked him to take charge of the new missions to be founded. Serra was to go with Portolá by land.

Padre Serra was very glad to do as he was asked. It was the very thing he had wished for all his life. When he was a little child, on the island of Majorca, he had read stories of missionaries. He had decided then that he would be a missionary to the Indians of New Spain. Even when he was grown and a professor

in a university in Spain, he still prayed that he might go as a missionary to the Indians.

Two other padres who had been in school with Serra and who had come over with him to New Spain said they would go along to California.

Everyone set to work. Gálvez found two ships, the *San Carlos* and the *San Antonio*. He had them cleaned and made ready for the trip. He ordered them packed with supplies. Padre Serra and Gálvez helped pack the goods for the missions. Gálvez packed for San Buenaventura, which he called his mission, and Padre Serra packed for San Carlos, which he called his. Gálvez ran a race with Padre Serra to see who would finish first. Because he finished first and had to help Padre Serra, Gálvez said he was a better padre than Serra.

These are some of the things that were put on the *San Carlos* for the mission and presidio of Monterey and for the use of all who were going:

“4,676 pounds of meat, 1,783 pounds of fish, 230 bushels of maize, 500 pounds of lard, 7 jars of vinegar, 1,275 pounds of brown sugar, 6 *tanates* of figs, 2 *tanates* of dates, 300 pounds of red pepper, 125 pounds of garlic, 450 pounds of cheese, 275 pounds of chocolate, 6 live cattle, 112 pounds of candles, hens for the sick, \$1,000 in money.”

For the mission of San Carlos, these are some of the things that were packed:

“19 complete vestments of all colors, 2 altar cloths, a new vestment with gold and silver braid and with tassels, 4

choir soutanes, a silver baptismal shell, a silver cross, a little crib with the infant Jesus, the Virgin and Saint Joseph, with silk and gauze clothing for them, a bake-iron for making altar breads."

On the *San Carlos* there were twenty-three sailors and two boys. There was a map maker and a doctor and a chaplain. There were two blacksmiths, four cooks, and the captain and officers and twenty-five soldiers.

The *San Carlos* sailed from San Blas on January 9, 1769. Gálvez, in another ship, went along as far as Cape San Lucas. He landed there and from a high hill he watched until the white sails of the *San Carlos* were out of sight.

The *San Antonio* was packed, and it sailed a month later. A relief ship, the *San José*, sailed in May, but it was lost at sea.

All the ships were ordered to meet in San Diego Bay and wait for the people who were to go by land.

The *San Antonio* came into San Diego Bay in April. It had been two months on the way. The sailors looked around for the *San Carlos*. Although it had sailed a month before them, it had not arrived. Not until sixteen days later did it arrive. All the men on board were ill with scurvy. All the fresh food was gone. All the medicine was gone.

The men of the *San Antonio* tried to help, but they too became ill. Before the people who came by land arrived, more than sixty of those who came by ship had died.



He was a dancer of the country.

---

THE JOURNEY BY LAND

The first company to go by land started in March. There were twenty-five leather-jacket soldiers, a map maker, forty-two Christian Indians, Captain Rivera, and Padre Crespi.

The second company started in May. In that company were Padre Serra, Governor Portola, forty-four Indians, and ten leather-jackets.

The first company made a trail for the second. They had a hard journey. Many were ill. Often they could not find water, and for the last eleven days they had only one dry *tortilla* apiece. When they came in sight of San Diego, they fired their guns. The soldiers and officers ran out to meet them. They gave them "heartly embraces."

The second company reached San Diego in June. They had an interesting journey. They told about the Indians who came into their camp one evening and gave a play of war for them. They told how the Indians shot their bows and arrows and how some pretended to be hurt. Padre Serra told how the Indians had begged to try on his spectacles and how they did not want to give them back to him.

The soldiers told another story of an Indian who came into camp one evening. He carried a stick and a rattle. He would not eat anything they gave him. At last he told them that he was a dancer of the country. He said he could not eat anything unless he danced for it. He told them if they wished to give him anything to put it on the ground. When they gave him something,



he danced around it and sang. For each new gift he changed his song.

At last he thought he did not have room enough to dance around all the loads and supplies of the company. Then he sat down and ate anything that he was given.

The dancer told them that he would show them the way to San Diego. In the morning someone said something to him that he did not understand. He was afraid and ran "like a deer, without carrying anything of what had been given him, only the stick and rattle with which he had come."

The companies had all arrived now. They were very glad to be together in this strange land of New California, but their journey was only begun. The *puerto famoso* was still lost. The king had told them to find it.

Portolá took what he called "that small company of persons, or rather say skeletons, who had been spared by scurvy, hunger, and thirst." They rode north toward Monterey.

#### HOW THE LOST BAY WAS FOUND, YET LOST

To go from San Diego to Monterey would take us perhaps one day in an automobile. In an airplane we could go in three hours. It took Portolá and his men seventy-eight days. And when they stood on the very banks of the *puerto famoso*, it was still lost. It was lost because they did not recognize it.

Portolá left San Diego on July 14. With him went Captain Rivera and twenty-one leather-jackets, Pedro Fages and seven

soldiers, the map maker Costansó, Padre Crespi and Padre Gómez, two servants, seven muleteers, and fifteen Indians.

This is the way they rode. First rode Portolá and the officers, the six soldiers and some Indians with spades, picks, and axes. The Indians cleared the way. Next were the pack mules with the muleteers and some leather-jackets.

Often the company could go only a few miles a day. Often they had to camp for a day or two while scouts went out to look for water.

Nearly everyone was ill again with scurvy. Many were so ill that they had to be lifted onto the mules. Their food ran out. They ate a bear but did not like the meat. Still they rode north.

As they went, they charted and named the rivers and valleys and canyons and springs. Today many of those places are called by the names they gave them.

At last Portolá and his men came within sight of Point Pinos. They thought it was Point Pinos. And they were sure they were near Monterey. But nothing seemed as Viscaíno said it was. They stood on the very shores and said, "This could not be *el puerto famoso*."

They searched north and they searched south and still they could not find it. They held a council and decided to go on. They rode north again. Finally, as they came over the hills, they looked inland and saw "a great arm of the sea." They were the first white men ever to see the greatest and most famous of all our California ports, San Francisco Bay. They knew when they saw it that they had passed Monterey.

Cold and hungry, they started south. When they came to the bay of Monterey, they again shook their heads sadly. They said, "Perhaps the bay has been filled with sand since Viscaíno found it." They planted a great cross. They wrote on it, "Dig at the foot and you will find a writing." They buried a bottle at the foot. In it was a letter. It told about their journey. It said that they could not find the bay and that they were going back to San Diego.

They almost starved on the journey back. They were saved only by their mules. At the end of each day's march they killed one of the thin, weak, old mules. Portolá wrote, "The mule being prepared, without a grain of salt or other seasoning—for we had none—we shut our eyes and fell to on that scaly mule (What misery!) like hungry lions."

When they came in sight of San Diego, they fired their guns. The people rushed out to meet them.

Once more the king's men were all together in his California. But his *puerto famoso* was still lost.

#### ROUND LIKE AN O

Portolá found that the men at San Diego were almost as wretched as his own company. Many had died. Those who were left were ill. The food was nearly gone. They had sent the *San Antonio* for help. But they were afraid it had been lost.

Governor Portolá thought a long time. He said, "There is no food. My men are sick. The ship is surely lost. We must go back to Mexico."

Padre Serra was sad and very disappointed. He said, "Will you wait and let us make a *novena* until the feast of San José?"

Portolá waited.

Each day the padres climbed the hill beside the port. They looked toward the sea for a sail. But there was no sail.

The day of San José came. All was ready to start the next day for Mexico. They celebrated the feast day of San José with a high mass. Then the padres climbed the hill and looked toward the sea. They watched all day, and in the evening they saw a speck far out in the ocean. They watched—afraid to take their eyes away, afraid to speak.

It was a sail.

Four days later the *San Antonio* was in port. It brought supplies. It brought letters from Gálvez. He said to let nothing keep them from finding the port of Monterey.

All was different now. There was plenty of food. Winter was over. They had news from Mexico.

Portolá and part of his men set out once more for Monterey.

Padre Serra and the rest boarded the *San Antonio*. They sailed north toward Monterey.

Portolá reached it first. He found the cross he had planted. Around it were fresh fish. Stuck in the ground beside it were arrows. At its foot was a pile of mussels. They found out later that the Indians had left these offerings.

As Portolá and Crespi and an officer walked down the beach, suddenly they saw that the bay was round like an O. And they

cried all together, "This is indeed the port of Monterey, for it is as Viscáíno describes it, 'round and shaped like an O.'"

Seven days later the *San Antonio* anchored in the bay. Padre Serra said at once, "Here is the bay of Monterey."

The men went ashore. They set up an altar beneath Viscáíno's giant oak. They hung the bells and raised a cross, and Padre Serra founded the mission San Carlos Borroméo.

After one hundred and sixty-eight years the lost *puerto famoso* was found, and it was never lost again.

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*San Carlos on the Carmelo*

The last salute had been fired. Now that San Carlos was founded with singing and prayers and the sprinkling of holy water, Padre Serra was anxious to begin the work for which he had left home and friends and honored position in Spain. He wished to become at once a missionary to the Indians.

But the Indians were afraid. They watched the white people from the hills. They trembled at the roar of the guns. They said, "The white people know how to make the thunders." Not for many days would they go near the port.

Padre Serra and Padre Crespí did not wait for them to come. They took beads and knives and pieces of cloth. They went out to find the Indians. They gave them the presents. They spoke kindly to them.

Soon a few Indians came to the rough little arbor under the oak. The padres gave them more presents. They gave them bits of chocolate to eat, and cheese and dates.

The Indians always brought gifts in return. They brought fish and pine nuts and grass seeds.

More and more Indians came to see the padres. It was not long before many Indians were gathering around the padres to hear them preach. They sat very still on the sand. They stared with round black eyes as the padres prayed or sang.

On the day after Christmas, Padre Serra for the first time baptized a California Indian.

This was a little boy just five years old. Padre Serra named him Bernardino de Jesús. He was very proud of this first little neophyte. He gave him fine bright clothing. He gave him food. He taught him to speak Spanish.

Before summer came, Padre Serra had gathered about him a little band of neophytes. They came each day to hear him preach.

The Indians could not stay at the mission because there were no houses or food for them.

Padre Serra said, "We must plant gardens. We must have fields of wheat and corn and beans." But the land about Monterey was not good for planting.

Padre Serra looked about. He saw the beautiful valley beside the river Carmelo. It was sheltered and easy to irrigate.

Here Padre Serra began to build the mission San Carlos where it stands today. All around were level fields covered with grass and flowers and trees. Beside it ran the beautiful river Carmelo, on whose banks were wild grapes and cherries and blackberries and "roses of Castile."

At the foot of the hill lay little Carmelo Bay. Hills rose on each side of the valley. They were thick with pine and cypress trees.

All summer the Indians and soldiers worked at cutting trees and hauling them to the mission. By the next Christmas, San Carlos on the Carmelo was dedicated.

The buildings of the mission were laid out in this way. First a high fence was built around a space 210 feet long and 129 feet wide. The fence was made by setting posts in the ground very

close together. Inside the fence was a building 150 feet long and 35 feet wide. It was made into six rooms. The walls of this building were made in the same way as the fence. They were plastered inside and out with clay. For the roof, poles were laid across and plastered with mud.

One room was used for a church. In another, Padre Serra lived. Another was the storehouse. There was another small building with a grass roof. This was the kitchen.

Outside the mission fence was a building for the soldiers who guarded the mission. It, too, had a fence around it. A little way off were the round grass huts of the neophytes.

The Indians planted wheat and corn and oats. Inside the mission fence they planted gardens. Padre Serra had brought up from Mexico cuttings of many fruit trees. He planted peach and pear and apple and olive trees. He planted pomegranate and orange and fig trees. He planted palms so that they might have the leaves for Palm Sundays.

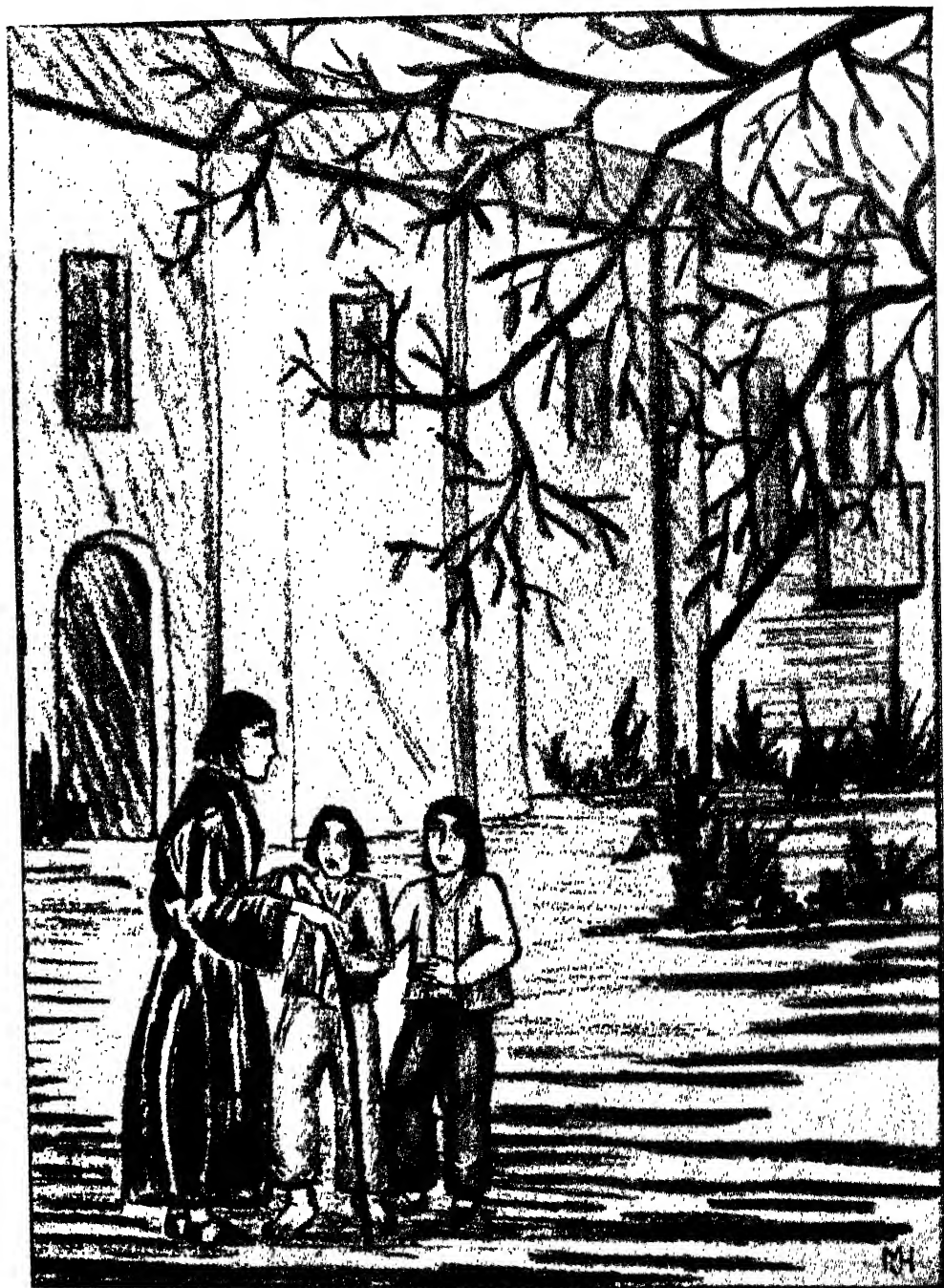
The mission cattle and horses and sheep wandered about over the green valley. There were chickens and ducks and geese.

There was not enough food for the Indians. But they gathered acorns, wild cherries, pine nuts, and grass seeds. They fished in the bay from rafts of tules. They went rabbit hunting.

Everyone was happy and busy. Padre Serra went from garden to field. He preached. He carried loads of wood as the Indians did. He taught the little children the lessons of the church. He taught them how to sing and how to play the violin and flute.

No matter how hard he worked, he was always happy. For at last he was a missionary to the Indians of California.





"The Old Padre wants to die."

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*The Old Padre Comes Home*

For fourteen years Padre Serra had worked in his California missions. Many, many times he had walked the long way from San Diego to Monterey, and each time he was a little weaker, a little more tired. Now he was seventy years old. He felt that he could not live much longer, and he wished to visit once more the missions he had founded and watched over for so many years.

He boarded once again the old packet boat, the *San Carlos*. He came in it to San Diego. He visited there for several days. Then he began alone the long, slow journey to Monterey.

He thought, as he walked, of the first time he had made that journey. Now he knew every step of the trail. He knew where the springs of water rose. He knew where the Indian rancherías were, and he knew the Indians in them. They came to meet him. They begged him to stay with them.

Then, he had come through a lonely desert country. The Indians hid in fright or they came out to make war.

Now, at the end of his journey was a mission with gardens and fields of wheat and corn and beans, and a church with bells and a cross.

Then, nowhere in all the land could he find fields of grain or herds of cattle or horses. There were only the wild grasses of the plains and the wild animals.

Now, all along the trail was the gold of mustard that the padres had sown as they made their pilgrimages. There were herds of cattle and horses. There were acres and acres of wheat and corn

and barley and oats. Busy Indians were herding the cattle. They were bringing water in great stone ditches to irrigate their crops.

Padre Serra saw all this, and he was very glad. In fourteen years he had helped change a large part of the desert into rich farm land. He had helped make thousands of poor, half-starved savages into happy, bustling workers.

But his pain was growing worse. At San Gabriel he was so ill that two little Indian boys who helped him at the altar noticed it. With tears in their eyes they said to the other padres, "The Old Padre wants to die."

The padres at each mission were afraid for him to go on alone. But always he went on, and he came at last to San Antonio. He preached to the Indians there. He looked at their work and praised them. He said his last good-bye to the padres.

Then, sick and old and very tired, he hurried to the mission he had always called his own. He knew that now he must die, but he wished to see once more his good friend, Padre Palóu. He wished to bless the Indians he had taught so many years. He wished to see the fig tree he had planted.

When at last he came in the evening to the cross on the hill above Carmelo, he fell on his knees and thanked God for letting him come home again.

When the old padre hobbled into the square, the Indians stopped their work. They rushed to meet him. They threw themselves at his feet. They kissed his hands. The padre blessed them. He called them "my children."

For two months Padre Junípero worked among the Indians at

Carmelo. He was very ill, but he would not rest. His friend, Padre Palóu, was with him. They made plans for the new Carmelo church. It was to be of stone and very beautiful.

But Padre Serra never saw the great new church he planned. On August 18, 1784, just two months after he had come home, he died.

They tell us that in the afternoon, when he knew he could not be there another day, he called Padre Palóu to him. He asked him to help him to the door.

When they came to the door, Padre Serra shaded his eyes with his hand. His other hand was heavy on Palóu's shoulder. He looked for a long time. He saw the yellowing fields that dropped down to the blue water of Carmelo Bay. He saw the gardens with the palm and fig and other fruit trees. He saw the Indians, noisy at their work.

He turned. He walked very slowly, very heavily, back to his bed. He said, "Now I shall rest."

### *The New Carmelo Church*

Nine years after Padre Serra died, the cornerstone was laid for the church he had planned. For years the neophytes had been getting the materials ready. A stone-cutter from Mexico had come to Carmelo. He had taught the neophytes how to quarry stone. Then he had gone on to teach the Indians of other missions.

Not far from Carmelo they found all the sandstone they needed. It was soft and easily cut when first uncovered, but it grew hard in the air. The sandstone was a soft, light orange color. The neophytes cut it into large, smooth slabs. They laid it up as brick is laid.

They needed lime for the mortar between the slabs. They had none, so they made it.

The children and the old women gathered shells on the beach. They gathered them every day for a long time. Then, when there were enough, the Indians put them in the fire and burned them. The powder that was left was lime.

The Indians had been making tile for the roof, too. They mixed clay with sand and straw and water. They put it in molds. When the tiles were dry, they baked them in the kilns that were in the square near the shops.

The Indian blacksmiths made the hinges for the doors. They made the tall iron crosses that were for the tops of the towers. They made altar bells and candle holders. The carpenters cut lumber for doors and beams for the ceiling.

Some of the Indians carved stone ornaments. They made a

double lavatory for the sacristy. It was of stone, half-round, with a small basin at the top that ran over into a larger basin.

Even with much of the material ready, it took four years to finish the church.

Those must have been busy years for the neophytes. They put up the walls. They laid the stone floor. They made stone steps to the belfries and pulpit and choir loft. They placed the beams of the ceiling and laid the red tile roof. 698 -

Padre Lasuén was busy, too. He was now the president of the mission, so he lived at Carmelo. Padre Lasuén was an old friend of Padre Serra. They had gone to school together. They had worked together many years. He had loved Padre Serra. He wished the new church to be just as Padre Serra had planned it. So he studied the old plans. He watched every door and window and stairway. He made sure that they were just as Padre Serra had wished them to be. C.C.I. ASSECKNACAD, HYD

Padre Serra would have been very proud of his Carmelo Mission if he could have seen the new church when it was dedicated in September, 1797.

Many padres from the other missions were there. All the neophytes had fresh, clean robes. The padres wore their white albs and bright stoles. There was a procession and high mass. The neophytes sang in the choir and played in the orchestra.

It was all very different from that day twenty-seven years ago when Padre Serra sang mass beneath Viscaino's oak and the Indians watched from the woods and hills.

Then, the Indians had never seen any houses except the round grass huts which were their homes. Then, the Indians knew little

more than the wild animals knew about houses or churches that were built, not just for shelter, but for fine and ordered living.

Yet twenty-seven years later they had made this cathedral in the wilderness. They had laid its beautiful incurving walls. They had raised the tall, rounded ceiling. They had built towers and placed on them crosses which the Indians had made. They had carved a star-shaped window.

Padre Serra had once wished for "a miracle at every mission." Surely this was Carmelo's miracle.

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### *A Day at Carmelo*

In the church tower of Carmelo there hung six bells. One rang for meals and rest. The others rang for prayer and fast and fiesta.

At dawn a bell rang out over the square. The neophytes sprang out of bed. The gates and doors were unlocked. Men and women and children hurried to church. They heard mass. They recited their prayers.

Another bell rang. The men and women who were not married went to the *pozolera*, or kitchen. They were given a dipper of *atole*. It was made of grain ground and cooked into porridge.

The married men and women ate in their own huts. Their *atole* was sent to them in large dishes of bark.

A bell rang a third time. All the people came into the square. The foreman told each one what to do.

Those who were to plow took the yokes and long sticks. They went to the corral. The Indian who looked after the oxen told each driver which oxen he should take. They yoked their oxen and drove them to the field.

The Indians who were making adobe bricks were in a hurry to start work. Each man had only forty to make. He could finish perhaps before eleven o'clock. Then his work for the day was over. He could play games. He could rest or go hunting or fishing. The adobes were made of clay and straw and sand. The Indians put the clay in long troughs. They mixed it with water until it was thick and smooth. They put in straw to help hold it together. When the clay was mixed, they put it in molds made



of smooth boards. As soon as the bricks were molded, they laid them in the sun to dry.

Some of the Indians were making tiles for the roofs of the new adobe buildings. They made them of clay, straw, and sand. They molded them and put them in the kilns to bake.

Over in the shops the men were tanning leather and making shoes and even saddles. Others were making pottery. The carpenters were building looms and making benches and plows and tools for gardening.

Before the house where the single women slept, there was another square. In the square were fruit trees and flowers. There was a fountain and a pool for bathing. Here the women did their work.

They spun and carded and wove wool and hemp into cloth. They wove wool into a coarse serge for dresses and suits. They wove hemp into cloth for dresses and shirts. The women made dye from flowers and mineral stones. They dyed the cloth. Other women cut the cloth and made it into shirts and breeches and skirts.

Eight or nine women ground the wheat for bread. They ground it on stone *metates*.

In the garden and orchard were women pulling weeds. Many brought in wood for fires. Others made soap. Some washed and swept and cooked.

Some of the neophytes were away on a holiday. Each Sunday, Padre Serra read the names of those who could go. While they

were gone, they picked wild cherries or grass seeds. They visited their relatives. They hunted and fished.

The children, too, were at work. They kept the chickens and the goats and the other animals away from the garden. They watched the fresh tiles and bricks so that the animals could not spoil them. They combed the wool. They helped the weavers at the looms. They frightened the birds away from the fruit in the vineyards and orchards. The little ones played games. They played a game like our "button, button." They played with hoops, too. One child rolled the hoop. The others threw sticks at it. They tried to throw the sticks through the hoop without stopping its rolling.

At eleven o'clock the bell rang for rest. The people stopped work. They ate their lunch. Lunch was a dipper of *pozole*. *Pozole* was ground grains cooked with vegetables and meat.

In the afternoon everyone rested until two o'clock. Then all worked until five. Supper was another dipper of *atole*.

After supper a bell rang for prayers. The boys and young men said their prayers together in the *pozolera*. Then they played games. They danced. Some played violins or guitars.

At eight o'clock the bell for *Poor Souls* rang. Some went home then. Many did not go until nine, when the gate to the square was locked. Some stayed and slept in the *pozolera*.

The young women and girls more than eight years old were already locked in their room. It was a large adobe building. A fire was kept there and a candle was always burning.

Before ten o'clock everyone was asleep, unless perhaps the padre on his narrow bed of hides lay planning for another day.



Strangers from the ports of all the world knocked at her doors.

## PRESIDIO

### *To the Four Winds*

"Found us," said the king, "a mission and a presidio beside *el puerto famoso*."

Padre Serra founded San Carlos Mission beside blue Monterey Bay. He founded it with prayer and song and the sprinkling of the fields.

When the last *Te Deum* was sung and the last salute was fired for the founding of the mission, Governor Portolá stepped forward. The soldiers stood at arms. Governor Portolá raised the royal standard with the crown and lion of Castile. The soldiers saluted. Then Portolá, as Cabrillo and Viscaíno had done so long before, stretched out his hand. He cried, "I claim this port in the Royal name of His Catholic Majesty Don Carlos III."

Portolá made a brave, bright picture as he stood there beside the red and yellow flag of Spain.

His three-cornered hat was of blue wool. His short jacket was blue velvet with red collar, lapel, and braiding. His vest was red. Beneath his chin was a tall, black stock. His blue velvet knee breeches fastened at the knees with silver buckles. His stockings were white silk, and his half boots were of yellow leather with turn-down cuffs. His hand was on the long silver sheath which held his sword.

When Portolá had made his proclamation, he went through another ceremony. It was an old, old ceremony. It was older than



It was an old, old ceremony.

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Columbus. It was older, perhaps, than Spain itself. He picked up a handful of stones from the beach. He threw them "to the four winds." He threw them east, west, north, and south. Then he pulled a handful of grass. It, too, he threw to the four winds.

So Portolá made known that all the earth and whatever grew upon it, north, south, east, and west, belonged to his king.

Again Monterey had been claimed for the king of Spain. Again the flag of Spain had been raised over it. But it was to know other kings and other flags. Fifty-three years later there floated over it the flag of Mexico, and in 1848 that *puerto famoso* came at last beneath the Stars and Stripes.

*First Years at the Presidio*

It was California's first governor who founded California's first capital.

Portolá, governor of the Californias, founded the royal presidio, Monterey. He helped lay out its walls. He planned the first buildings. He told the soldiers what their work would be. He appointed Pedro Fages as their first commander. Then Portolá sailed away to Mexico. He did not stay to govern in the capital he had founded.

When Portolá reached Mexico, he was made governor of Puebla. Puebla was a state of Mexico. He served his king long and faithfully. When Portolá was an old man, the king called him home to Spain and gave him land and money enough so that he need never work again.

In the presidio Portolá had left, all were busy. The soldiers built the walls of the presidio. They made them six hundred feet on each side. At first they were of poles set close together, with a few little huts for the soldiers inside the square. And so they remained for eight years, until Felipe de Neve was made governor and came to Monterey. While he was there, the soldiers built a wall of stone. It was twelve feet high and four feet thick. Inside were ten adobe houses. Each house was twenty-four feet long and twenty-one feet wide. There was also a building 136 feet long and 18 feet wide. This was divided into rooms for the soldiers. Later the beautiful stone church which still stands in Monterey was built.

It is a long, long time since they planted the standard of the king in the green valley above the bay. It is more than one hundred and fifty years since Portolá sailed away and left those few soldiers in the wilderness alone. They left us no records of their work or play inside its walls. So we know almost nothing of what happened for many years in the little presidio.

We know the people worked at building their walls. They took care of the king's cattle and horses and sheep that grazed on the hills above the presidio. They helped guard the mission from the wild Indians of the hills. Always two soldiers were on guard at the mission. One walked each night in the square, keeping watch over Carmelo.

At the presidio, also, someone was always on guard.

The soldiers went along with the padres when they made trips into the hills to try to get Indians to come and live in the mission.

A guard of soldiers always rode with the padres when they went out to found a new mission.

If the Indians made war on mission, or pueblo, or traveler, in California, the soldiers were sent to punish them.

It was not all play for the soldiers in their presidio above the bay. Often they did not have enough food. At one time the supply ship did not come until months after they had expected it. Food was almost gone. Commander Fages did not know what to do. Then he remembered a valley they had visited. The valley was near what is now San Luis Obispo. They had named it *Cañada de los Osos*. They called it the valley of the bears because they had seen hundreds of bears there.



Fages took most of his men and rode toward this valley. They killed many of the bears and dragged them to the presidio. For several months mission and presidio lived on bear meat, a little milk, and a few vegetables.

Always after this the people called Fages *El Oso*. Even when he became governor they still called him *El Oso*.

Thirteen years after the founding of the presidio, the governor's wife, the First Lady of California, came to Monterey. Governor Fages met her and his little son, Pedrito, at Loreto. He brought her overland all that long journey to Monterey. On the way they were entertained at each stop as a king and queen might have been. The governor wrote to his wife's mother, "The Señora Gobernadora is getting on famously, and Pedrito is like an angel. We live here like princes."

But when they came to Monterey, the *gobernadora* did not find a prince's palace. She was surprised and very much disappointed when she saw the lonely little presidio in the wide unpeopled land. Was this the capital city of the Californias! Was this the governor's mansion, with dirt floor and no glass in its windows, with only two rooms and a few rude benches and cowhide beds! Worst of all, were these the citizens, these naked Indians who came down from the hills to stare at her.

At least the *gobernadora* could do something about the Indians. She opened the trunks. She took out all Governor Fages' fine clothes. She gave red velvet breeches to one Indian and a fine blue jacket to another. Shirts and shoes and bright satin vests she gave away. Even the plumed hats the governor had paid so much for were put on the heads of the surprised Indians.

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Her own clothing she gave too, and even little Pedrito's. The trunks were nearly empty when Governor Fages came along. He told her that soon they would have to go naked themselves if she gave away all their clothing. Nowhere in all California was there a store where they could buy more.

*Strangers From Far Lands*

Three years later we have more news of the presidio. A Frenchman named La Pérouse was making a journey around the world. He sailed into Monterey Bay. We have the charts he made and the letters he wrote about the presidio. He, too, was surprised at the poor little square with its bare unfurnished houses, but that was not what impressed him most.

Again and again he wrote about something that Monterey and all California has been famous for since its very beginning. He wrote of the hospitality of the people.

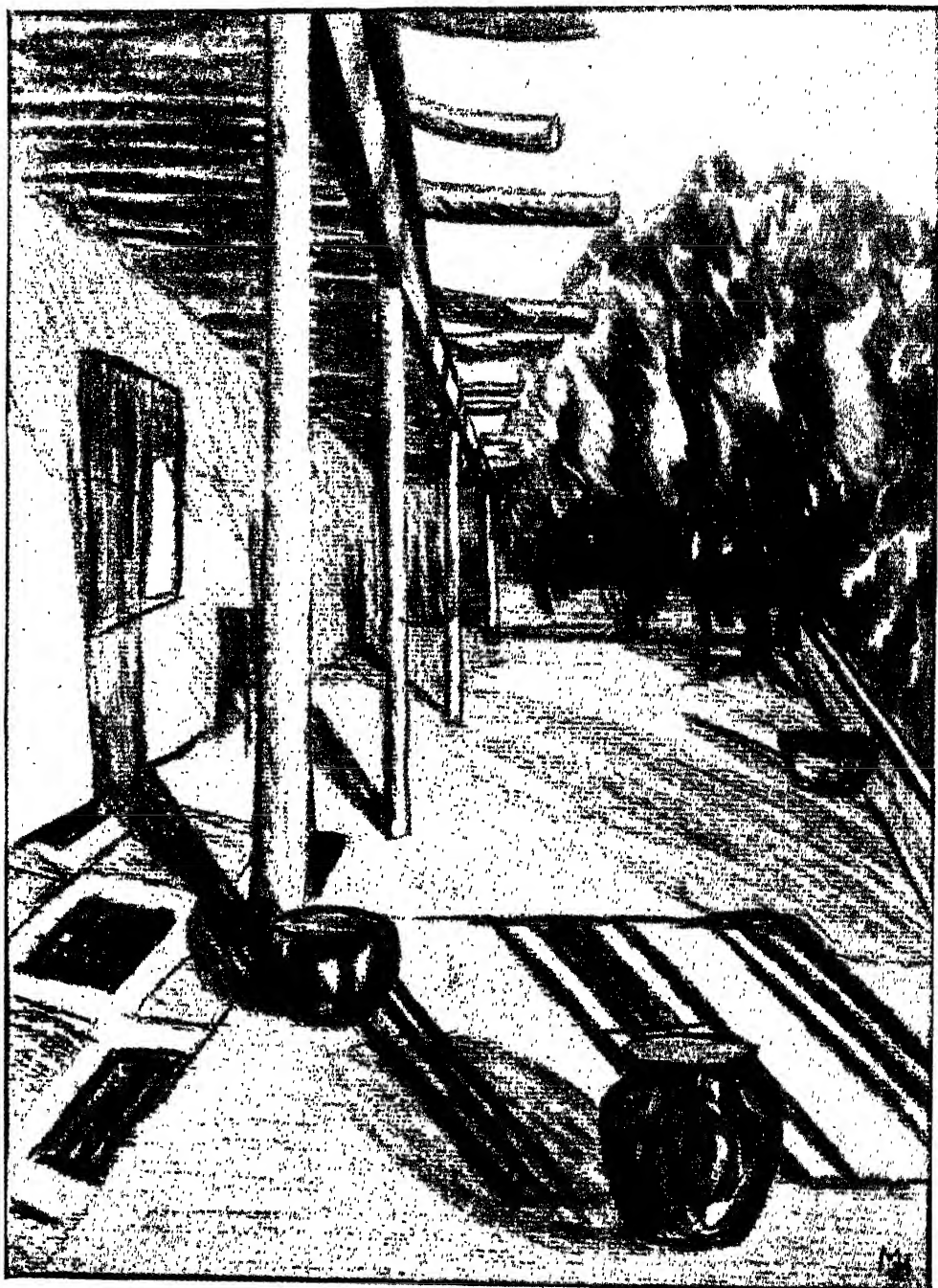
"The soldiers," said La Pérouse, "gave us a thousand services. Governor Fages sent on board cattle, vegetables, and milk in abundance. The padres insisted on our going to dine with them. They received us at the door of the church lighted as on the grandest festivals." He wrote of even the neophytes—"Each one brought us a bundle of hay or straw for the cattle and sheep."

La Pérouse gave many things in return. One of the gifts to the padres was potatoes he had brought from Chile. The padres planted them. Thus the first potatoes came to California.

Six years later Vancouver came to Monterey. He was an Englishman. He, too, was sailing around the world, and he, too, wrote much about Monterey's hospitality. Every day there were parties for him. He was taken on long trips to see the country. Probably he was told about the wonderful climate. Fruit and vegetables and grain were given to him. So much was given

that Vancouver thought that the people had not kept anything for themselves.

So now the fame of Monterey was growing. Even in the far countries of the world the hospitality of *el puerto famoso* was known.



In front of the houses all the way around the square was a galería.

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*When Governor Solá Moved to Monterey*

When the presidio at Monterey was forty-six years old, Don Pablo Vicente de Solá was sent by the king to be governor of the Californias. Of course he came to Monterey.

Long before he arrived the people of the presidio were making ready for him. The presidio now was a great square. The walls were of adobe. They were five hundred and fifty feet long, twelve feet high, and four feet thick. On the west was a wide gate. This was the only opening into the presidio. On all four sides of the wall were whitewashed adobe houses with tile roofs.

In front of the houses all the way around the square was a *galería*, or veranda, ten feet wide. The tile roofs of the houses extended over the *galería*. They were held up by huge redwood posts.

On the south side of the courtyard was the church. It was built of stone like that used at Carmelo. Beside it was the house of the governor and the commander's house.

The people went to the hills. They broke off armloads of evergreen branches. They brought them to the presidio and decorated their houses and the veranda. All the posts of the veranda were covered with evergreens, and among them were placed many, many lamps. The lamps were small pots of tallow with wicks.

Across the railings of the veranda were thrown bright embroidered shawls. Flags were draped over doors and gate.

Officers and soldiers from presidios and pueblos all the way

from San Diego to San Francisco had come to Monterey. Padres from many missions were there. With them were their finest neophyte singers and players. Rancheros and *pobladores* had come from far and near. Wild Indians from the hills came down to watch and listen.

Governor Solá's ship was in sight. The soldiers and the padres and all the people met it at the shore. The seven cannons at the gate of the presidio roared a welcome.

They brought the governor to the presidio. They lighted their lamps and sat in the cool evening on the veranda. They talked and walked up and down the veranda and watched the bonfires and fireworks. Someone played softly on a guitar. They watched the lights twinkle and smelled the freshness of the evergreen.

But they knew that the governor was tired after his three months' journey from Mexico. They waited until morning for the real celebration.

The next morning everyone was out very early. The soldiers marched before the church. They formed long lines. The governor and the officers appeared. They marched through the lines of soldiers. They entered the church.

All the padres were before the altar. Candles were burning. The smoke of incense rose. The choir of forty neophytes played on viols, violins, flutes, and drums. Padre Tapis preached. They sang *Te Deum*. The muskets outside roared. When high mass had been sung, everyone gathered at the foot of the flag pole in the center of the square. The soldiers on horseback formed a circle around them.

Governor Solá made a speech. He told the soldiers and the padres that the king was pleased with what they had done. He said they had conquered a great country. They had made the barren lands rich with crops. They had taught the Indians to work and pray. They had made them live at peace.

When he ended, the people threw their hats in the air. They cried, "Long live the king! Long live the governor! Long live the padres!"

A banquet was ready for the governor, officers, and padres. On a long table was spread food of every kind. There was meat—beef and mutton and deer. There were wild ducks and geese and quail. There were vegetables from the gardens of the mission and the presidio. There were fruits.

From San Diego the padres brought olives. From San Gabriel there were oranges and pomegranates, grapes and wine. There were cakes of fine wheat flour from San Antonio.

There was so much food prepared that when the governor and the officers had finished, they set up many tables and fed five hundred more people. And still there was food enough left to feed the officers of the presidio for many weeks.

When the banquet was over, the people invited the governor to see a bull fight in the square. They sat on the veranda to watch.

Two horsemen brightly dressed came into the square. Strings of bells on the horses jingled as they rode. They brought in a savage bull. He tossed his head and pawed the ground. The governor was not surprised by this. He had often seen bull



fight in Spain. But he sat up and looked in wonder when four horsemen brought a bear into the square. Each horseman held the bear by a *reata* on one foot. The bear fought and snapped at them.

They fastened a foot of the bear with a long chain to one foot of the bull. Then they took off their *reatas* and backed away.

The bull pawed and snorted. The bear stood on his hind legs and waved his great front paws.

The soldiers rode in. They prodded both the bull and the bear with sticks. The animals fought. They rolled over and over in the dust of the square. The people shouted. The animals roared with pain and anger. The dust flew up in clouds.

Then the animals grew tired. The bull was hot and very thirsty. His mouth was open and his tongue was hanging out. The bear made a sudden jump. He tried to seize the bull's tongue. But he failed. Sharp horns caught him and tossed him. He fell. The bull gored him. He did not get up again.

The fight was over. The cheering, excited people hurried home to get ready for the ball.

The grand ball was in the commander's house. It was the most wonderful ball, everyone said, that had ever been given in California.

The men came in velvet, and gold and silver lace. There were silver buckles on their knees. Bright ribbons were on their long braids of hair.

The women wore colored jackets and gold-spangled white

skirts. Their shoes were satin with wooden heels that clacked on the floor. Beautiful strings of pearls were around their necks.

Forty Indians played for the dancing.

The ball lasted all night. Early the next morning the governor left to go to San Carlos. The padres had made ready a celebration for him there.

As the governor and the officers and the soldiers with him came to the part of the road called Calvary, they were met by the padres and hundreds of the neophytes. They formed a procession and brought Governor Solá to the mission church.

They sang high mass as on the morning before. Then they took their visitors to the square. The neophytes played games for the governor and his men. At the end they had a play battle. They had painted their faces, and they wore feathers. They showed the governor how they fought and how they used their bows and arrows and clubs. Finally they brought all the bows and arrows and clubs and laid them at the feet of the governor.

As the governor left, he said, "I am honored at all that has been done for me. I am pleased with everything. But more than all, I am surprised at, and interested in, the grizzly bear at Presidio Monterey and the play battle at San Carlos."

At that fiesta so long ago, a little wide-eyed boy looked on. He was Juan Bautista Alvarado, just six years old. All his life he remembered the gladness, the brightness, the movement, and the color of those days. He remembered the sparkle of the lights among the evergreens, the swift rush upward of the fireworks, and their curving tails of stars. He remembered the mad bellow-

ing of the bull and the bear's roar of pain. He remembered the ballroom, and the velvets and bright plumes and silver laces of the men, and the shining, gold-spangled dresses of the women. He remembered the procession of the padres that wound like a colored ribbon through the green pines of the road called Calvary.

Long years afterward, he remembered. In those years he had been a soldier and an officer himself. He had known adventure all up the coast and in the valleys of California. He had been for six years a governor of the Californias. When he was an old man, he remembered. He wrote the story of the fiesta, and that is how we know about it today.

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*Monterey's First School*

While Solá lived in Monterey as governor, he worked very hard to provide for the people a thing they had never had before. It was something he felt they needed very much.

It was fifty years since Portolá had founded the presidio beside the bay. Children of the soldiers had grown up to be soldiers themselves. In all that time there had not been a school in Monterey.

The parents loved their children. They gave them the finest clothing they could afford. They gave them good horses to ride. They gave them gay parties. But one thing they had never thought to give them. A school! Never in all this time had there been a public school in Monterey.

Governor Solá was not pleased with this. He said, "These children should be in school. They must learn at least to read and write." But the parents were not interested. They said, "Are my boys not good riders? Do they not sing and play the guitar well? Then why should they learn to read? The padres can read. That is enough."

They said of their girls, "They can sew and embroider nicely. They dance gracefully and sing and play. What more should they learn?"

But Solá did not give up. With his own money he started two schools in Monterey. There was one for boys and one for girls. He gave orders that parents must send their children to these schools.

General Mariano Vallejo, who was perhaps California's greatest and most famous citizen, was a pupil in that school. Long after he attended it, he wrote about the school. Even then, when he was a man, he shuddered when he thought of the school.

He wrote that the school room was long and narrow and badly lighted. There was nothing on the adobe walls except a huge green cross above the teacher's head and a picture of a saint beside his table.

Around the walls were rough benches. At one end was a platform. On the platform was a table covered with a dirty black cloth.

Behind this table sat the teacher. He was a poor old broken-down soldier. He wore odd clothing, always torn and greasy.

On entering the school room, each pupil kneeled before the picture of the saint and said his *Bendito* aloud. Then he went trembling to the teacher. He kissed his hand and said, "Buenos dias." The teacher only growled.

When all the pupils had arrived, the teacher told them what lessons to do. They began at once to study them "at the tops of their voices until the veins on their necks stood out."

Their only books were catechisms. They had to learn these by memory.

On the teacher's table lay the *disciplinas*. It was made of cords with iron points. If a child missed a word when he recited his lesson, the teacher used the *disciplinas*. If he dropped ink on his paper, he was lashed with the *disciplinas*. If he laughed or talked,

there were many lashes. Often the children's backs were red and bleeding.

Even Saturday did not help. For that was the day they had to repeat all that they had learned that week. "Saturday morning," said General Vallejo, "the children would make breakfast last as long as they could. Then, pale and in tears, they would beg to be let off." Their mothers said "yes," but their fathers said "no." So very sadly and fearfully they would creep off towards school.

General Vallejo told another story of that school when for once the children had the best of it.

Governor Solá had told the children that they might always go down to the shore when a ship came in.

One morning when the *Princesa* was due, they heard the bells ringing and the salutes of the guns. They knew the ship must be in. They dropped everything and ran. They were in such a hurry they even forgot to close the *gatera*, or door-hole for the cat.

They had a fine time on the beach. They raced and played and sang. But while they were gone, some hens decided to explore the school room. They went in through the *gatera*. They walked on the benches. They upset the ink. They walked in the ink and then on the books and the children's writing.

When the pupils came back and saw what had happened, they turned very white. They looked at each other in fear. Just then the teacher returned. He saw at once what had happened. He seized his *disciplinas*. He cried out to the two largest boys, "Hold the first one for me." He was going to beat them all.

But the two large boys would not move. Still worse, they cried out to the others, "Come, we will use the *disciplinas* on him." The teacher fled.

Of course, the matter was taken to the governor, but for once he decided for the children. He said they were so excited over the coming of the *Princesa* that they did not know what they were doing.

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*A New Flag Over Monterey*

Governor Solá was California's last Spanish governor. Even while the Californians held fiesta for him, there was grumbling and fighting down in Mexico.

The people of Mexico were not satisfied with the way they were being governed by Spain. They wished to be free. They wished to be a nation by themselves. Then, they thought, they would have all the treasure, all the gold and silver and pearls and diamonds for themselves. Ships would not come to carry all those treasures off to Spain. They would have their own laws made for their own country.

It was hard for the king of Spain to fight the Mexicans from so far away. He sent ships from Spain with men and officers, but at the last they too went over to the enemy.

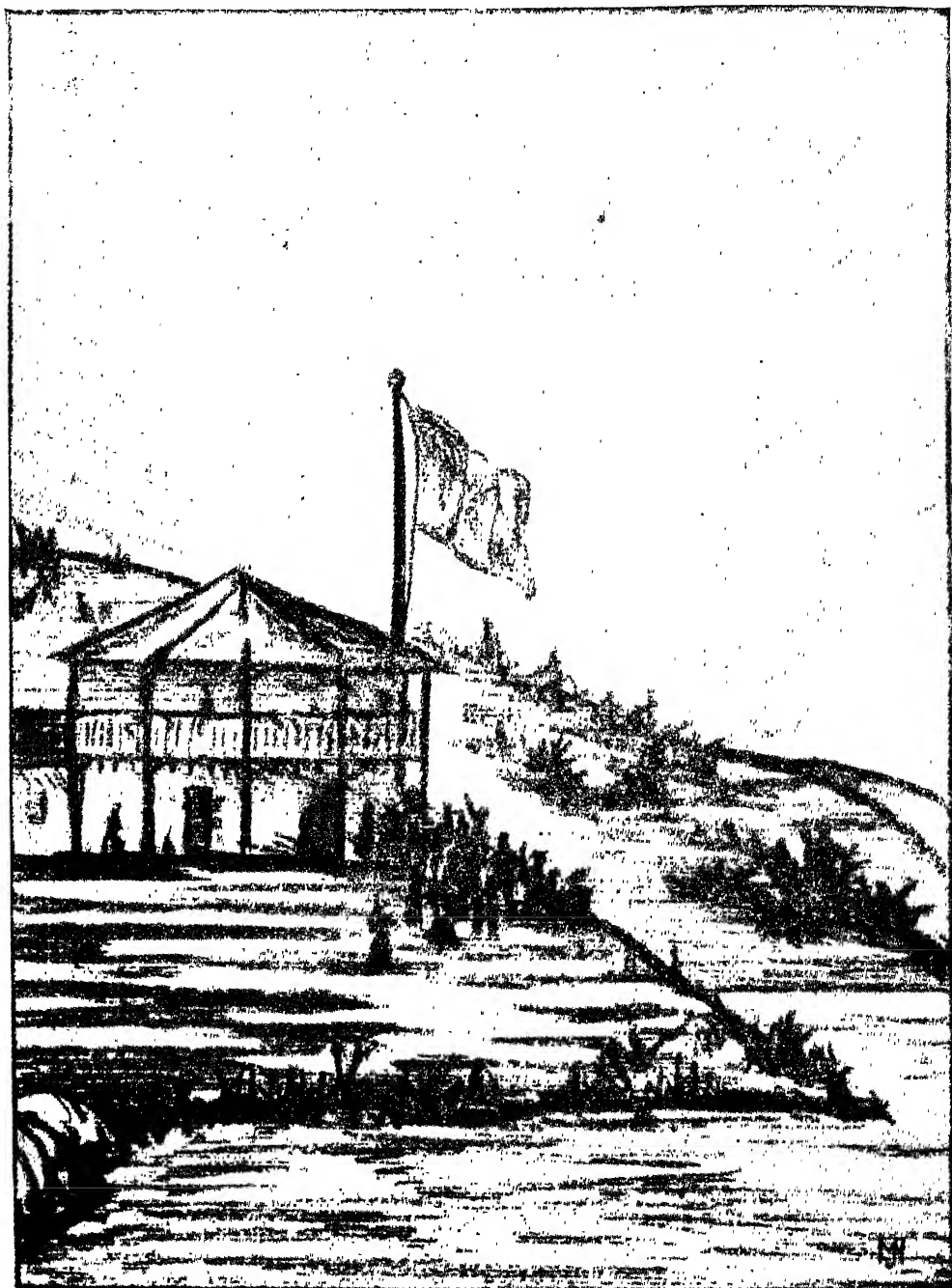
After twelve years of trouble and war with Mexico, the king said he would give it up. And in 1821, Augustín Iturbide made himself emperor of Mexico.

In November, a ship sailed into Monterey Bay. Above it flew a strange flag. The flag was green and white and red. In the center was a serpent and eagle.

All the people gathered on the shore. They were afraid of pirates. The commander wished to use his cannon on the ship. But Solá knew it was the flag of Mexico that was on the ship's masthead. He had heard about the new emperor. He told the soldiers to be quiet and wait.

A boat was lowered from the ship. In it were twenty-four





Monterey, the capital, and all the Californias belonged, land and people, to Mexico.

sailors dressed in bright colors. Besides the sailors there was a man who looked very important.

When the men stepped on the shore, the man said so all could hear, "I am Augustín Fernández. I have come from the Mexican capital with letters to the governor, Don Pablo de Solá. I demand to be taken to him in the name of my sovereign, the liberator of Mexico, General Don Augustín de Iturbide."

The soldiers were surprised. They looked at each other in wonder. But Solá was very sad. He knew California no longer belonged to Spain.

Solá and many of the Spaniards in California loved their country of Spain. They were very proud to be called Spanish. Now, however, Solá knew that the few soldiers in California could do nothing against Mexico, and the king of Spain could not help them. Solá had to tell his people that California now belonged to Mexico.

The next day all the soldiers were gathered in the court of the presidio. The flag of Spain floated on the flagstaff. As soon as all the soldiers and all the people of Monterey and the ranchos near it had arrived, Solá stood up. He made a speech. He asked the people to be loyal to Mexico, as they had been to Spain. Then he ordered the Spanish flag hauled down. The Mexican flag was run up in its place. As it unfolded, a salute was fired from all the guns of the presidio. There were a few small cheers.

Monterey, the capital, and all the Californias, belonged, land and people, to Mexico.

*As an American Sailor Saw Monterey*

We wish that roving old buccaneer, Viscaíno, could have seen his *puerto famoso* as it was when Dana saw it in 1836. How glad he would have been to find it white with sails from all the far ports of the world.

Ships from China and India and Molucca were there. And their holds were packed with ivory and jade and rhinoceros horns, rosewood and teakwood and ebony, amber and ginger and cinnamon, musk, carved beads, gilded chairs and nutmegs. Ships from Java, Borneo, Persia, and the Sandwich Islands lay at anchor.

Not a ship that touched the coast of California but put in first at Monterey.

The presidio had grown in the twenty years since Solá had come as governor. Many settlers had come to the presidio. They had built their houses about the presidio square.

Richard Dana, who was a sailor on a Boston trading ship, saw Monterey in 1836. On his first sight of it, he wrote:

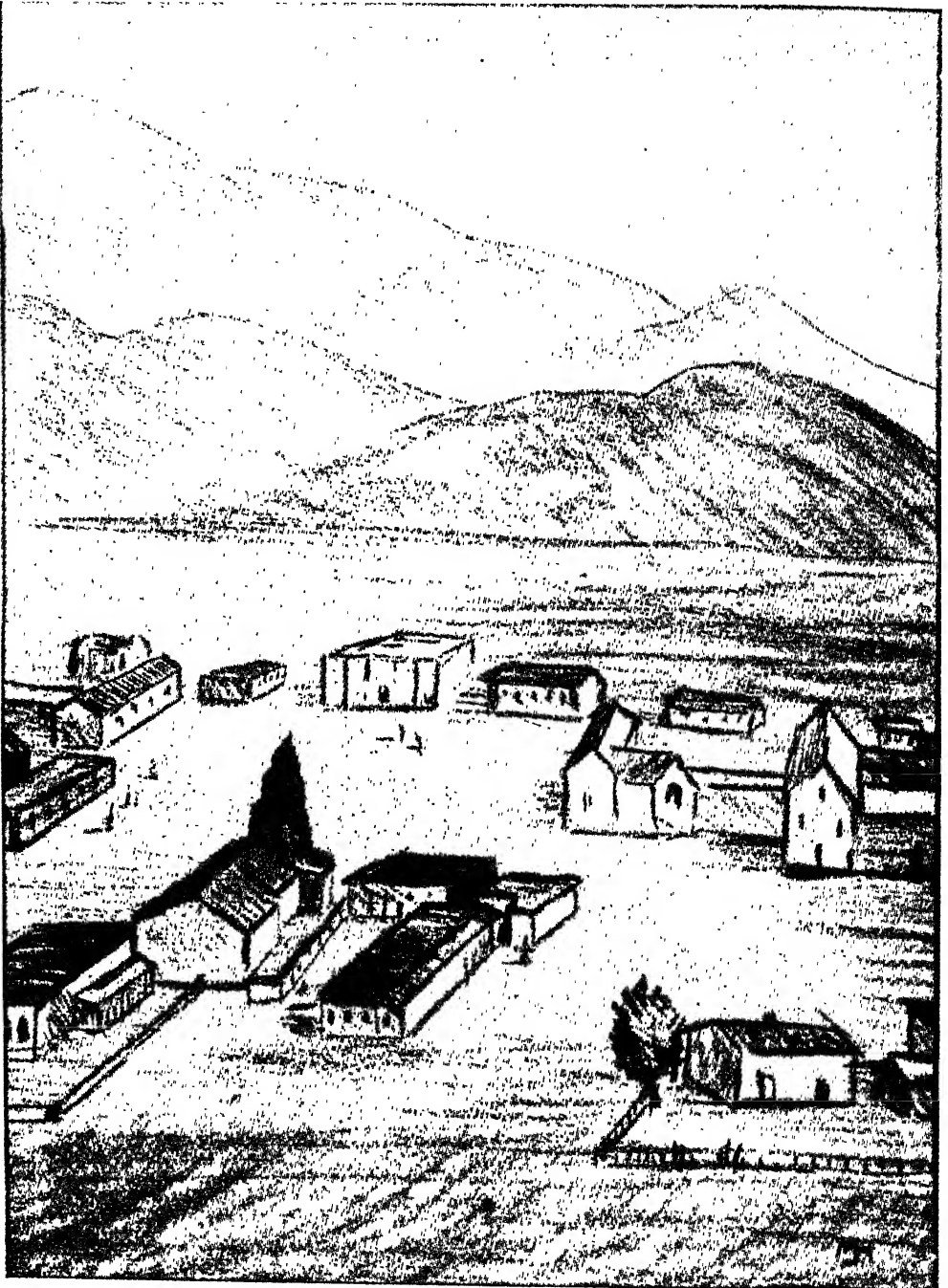
"The town lay directly before us, making a very pretty appearance." The houses, he said, were all plastered. Their red tile roofs were lovely against the white walls. Everything was green. "The birds were singing in the woods and great numbers of wild fowl were flying over our heads. . . . The houses—about a hundred in number—were dotted about here and there on the green lawn. There were no fences and no streets. . . . The Mexican flag was flying from the little square presidio and the drums and trumpets

of the soldiers who were out on parade sounded over the water and gave great life to the scene."

Although she was under a new rule, Monterey had not forgotten her old ways. Monterey had not forgotten her hospitality. Still there was the sound of violin and guitar in her houses at night. Still there were fandangos and fiestas. Still her people in velvets and silver laces and fine bright serapes flocked to the horse races and bull fights. Though strangers from the ports of all the world knocked at her doors, still everyone was welcome.

No invitations were given to her fandangos or fiestas, to her weddings or funerals. No invitations were given because everyone was expected to come.

There was room and food and friendship for all.



A tiny Spanish pueblo that grew and grew to be America's fifth city—Los Angeles

## PUEBLO

### *The First Fiesta*

Don Felipe de Neve sprang from his horse. He pulled his jeweled sword from its sheath. He touched its point to the earth and said, "Here in the name of God and our sovereign king, Don Carlos III, we will found the pueblo of our Lady the Queen of the Angels."

So on September 4, 1781, was born and christened a tiny Spanish pueblo that grew and grew to be America's fifth city—Los Angeles.

At sunrise that morning, trumpets blew in the mission of San Gabriel.

The padres in their gray robes and sandals walked slowly into the great plaza.

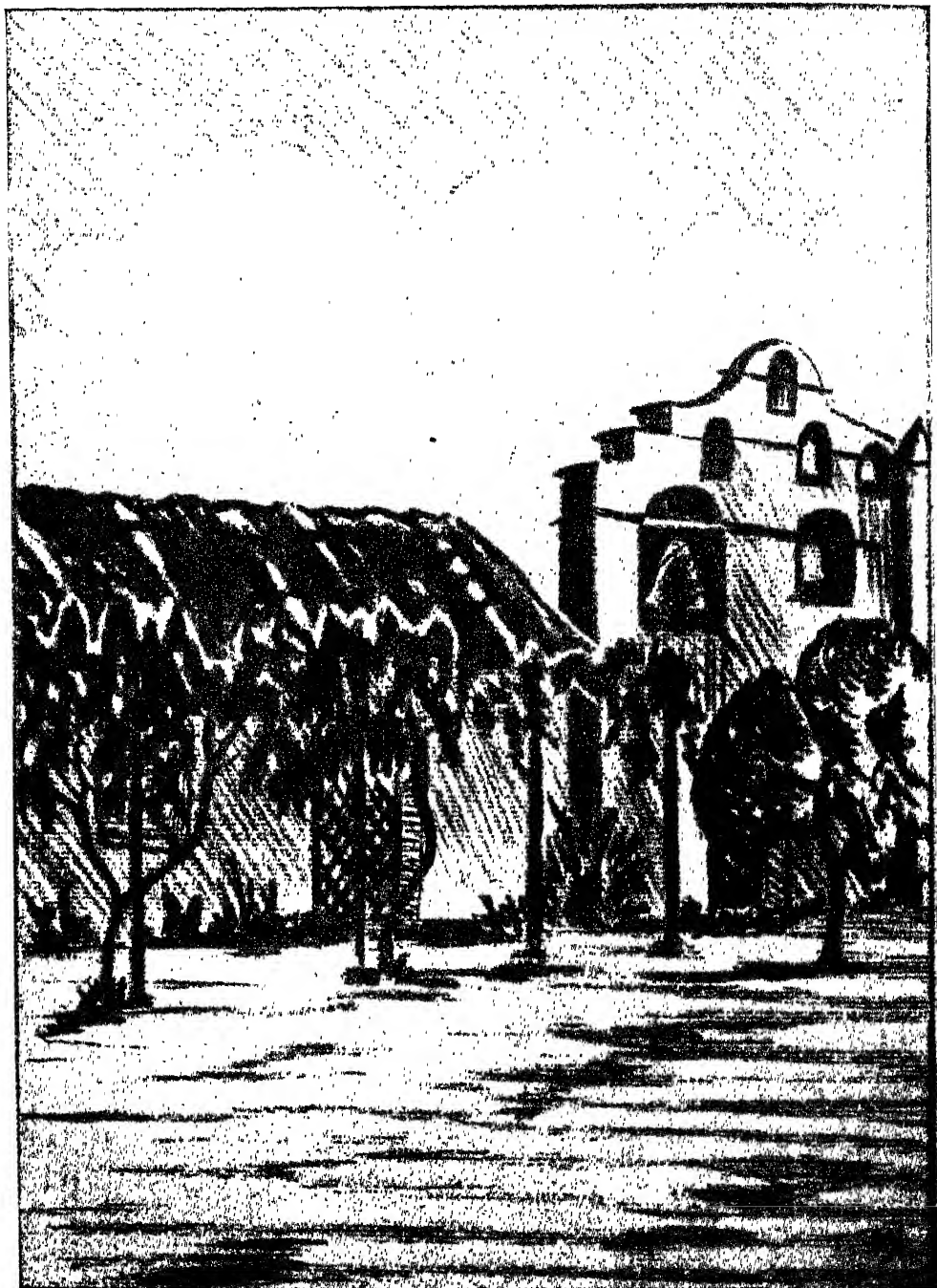
The soldiers in quilted leather jackets came riding in. Their horses capered and pranced. But the soldiers hardly noticed them.

From all sides came the Indians. They would not have to work in the fields and shops that day.

The forty-six people who had come all the way from Sinaloa to be the pueblo's first citizens gathered in one group. The flag of our Lady of the Angels floated over them.

The sun shone bright on the square. The people pushed and laughed and talked. Then everyone was still.

Through an arch to the left rode a man. He was short and dark. He was dressed in scarlet and blue. The plumes on his



At sunrise that morning trumpets blew in the mission of San Gabriel.

hat were long and brightly colored. His horse was the finest in the square. His saddle was inlaid with gold and silver. This man was Felipe de Neve, governor of California.

The people made a path for him. He rode to the front. The soldiers fell in behind him. Then came the padres. The new citizens followed. Some walked. Some rode on horses or mules. The tiny children rode behind their mothers. The older children rode three or four on a horse. Mules carrying great burdens of the settlers' goods plodded along. And last came the Indians, herding the settlers' cattle and sheep, or leading the pack animals, or just going along to see the fun.

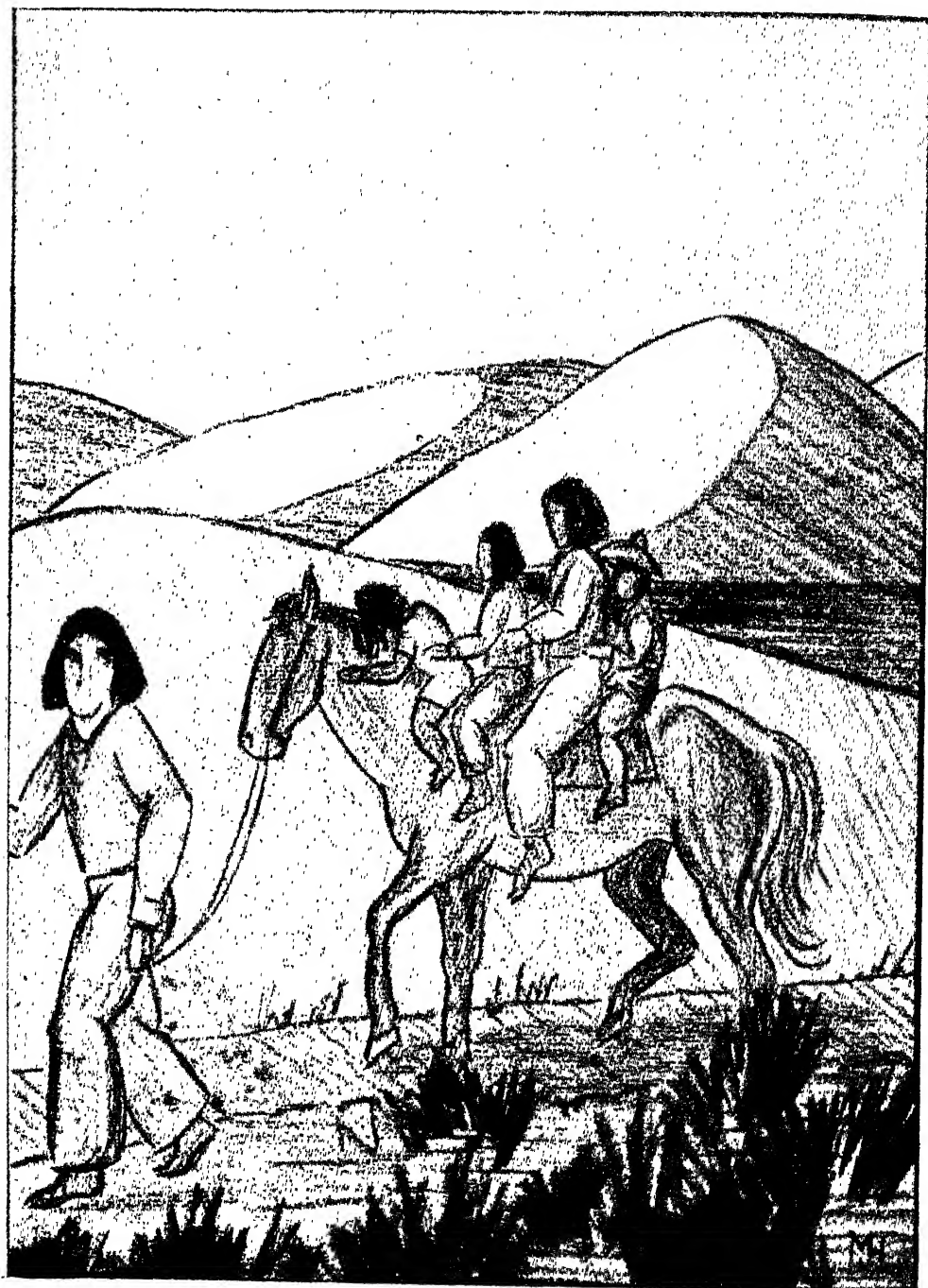
The governor put spurs to his horse. The parade moved out through the gates.

Through cactus and sage and scraggly brush they rode over the dusty trail of El Camino Real. And they came in the afternoon to a clearing in the brush. There, just northwest of the present plaza, the first plaza had been staked out.

The people stopped. They formed a line. Twice they marched around the plaza with the flag of Spain and the flag of our Lady at the head. Then Felipe de Neve made his proclamation: "Here in the name of God and our sovereign king, Don Carlos III, we will found the pueblo of our Lady the Queen of the Angels," and the padres said a blessing.

Los Angeles' first fiesta was over. Night fell on the little pueblo. The smoke of campfires rose in the cool air. Children's sleepy voices sounded in the camp, and outside was the soft scuffle of wild things—animal and Indian.





The older children rode three and four on a horse.

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*The First Houses*

The first day in the new pueblo must have been a busy one. Probably everyone woke up before sunrise. Perhaps when they woke they found shy brown deer nibbling at their beds. Perhaps a bear from the river near-by scurried out of camp as it began to grow light. Someone may have awakened and found an Indian looking down at him. For the Indian ranchería, Yang Na, was very near the plaza.

While the women made the *tortillas* for breakfast, the men perhaps looked over their building lots. The governor, the day before, had given each man a lot. The men had to decide how and where they would build their houses.

After breakfast the men went down to the river for poles. They cut down many willow trees. They cut off the branches and made the poles smooth. Then they hauled the poles to their lots.

Each man marked out the floor of his house on the ground. He drove the willow poles into the ground along the marks. He drove them very close together. He left a place without poles for a door.

Over the top of the house he laid a few long poles for a roof.

The men went to the river again. Perhaps the women and children went along.

Tules grew thick along the river. The people cut great loads of them and took them to their lots. They fastened them in

bunches across the long poles. This was the roof of the new house. They plastered the roof and the walls with mud.

Inside the house they cut all the brush and grass off the ground. They put water on it and walked on it until it was hard. This was the floor.

Last they stretched an ox hide across a frame of poles and hung it in the opening. This was the door.

So the first houses were finished and stood, each on its own lot, facing the plaza.

Such poor little huts, we should say. We could never call them houses. But those first settlers were very proud of them. They had made them themselves. They owned them. They were only poor *paisanos* from Mexico. They had never before owned more than the cheap clothing they wore. Now, with land and a home, they were happy.

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*The New Settlers*

We know very little about those first people. It is more than one hundred and fifty years since they hung the ox hide doors in their tule-thatched huts. The houses they built, the fields they planted, and the roads they made are gone. Where their camp-fires burned are tall buildings of steel and concrete.

Perhaps their children's children are alive somewhere. Perhaps they could tell us stories their grandmothers knew of mountain lions who fought where now our many-storied buildings stand. Perhaps they are alive. No one knows. Not even their names are known.

We do know, however, the names of those first eleven families. We know how many children they had and where they lived in the pueblo. Letters which Felipe de Neve wrote and old maps tell us these things.

Suppose we were walking through that little new pueblo, more than one hundred and fifty years ago. We would follow the narrow fresh trail that led from house to house about the plaza. We would stop at each hut and watch, as strong brown hands beat out *tortillas* for the evening meal. We would watch little brown children playing in the twilight, and we would talk to the men waiting for their meal. If we had walked there and watched there so long ago, these are the people we should have met and these are the things we might have learned about them.

Beginning at the southwest corner of the plaza, we should have come first to the home of Pablo Rodríguez. Pablo Rod-

ríguez was an Indian. He was twenty-five years old. His wife was an Indian also. They had one child.

Next to Pablo Rodríguez, as we walked north, we should have found José Vanegas. He was an Indian twenty-eight years old. He had an Indian wife and one child. Perhaps these two families took lots next to each other because they were both Indians. They were the only all-Indian families in the pueblo.

José Moreno lived just north of José Vanegas. He was a mulatto twenty-two years old. His wife was a mulatto also. They had no children.

The last house on this side belonged to Felix Villavicencio. He was a Spaniard, thirty years old. His wife was an Indian. They had one child.

On the L-shaped lot on the corner and on the two lots on the north side lived three families. We do not know on which lot each one lived because they were driven out of the pueblo before they had lived there six months. And the map showing where each family lived was not made until later.

José de Lara was one of the three. He was a Spaniard fifty years old. He had an Indian wife and three children.

Antonio Mesa was a Negro thirty-eight years old. His wife was a mulatto. They had five children.

Luis Quintero was the third on that side. He was a Negro and his wife was a mulatto. They had two children.

Basilio Rosas lived on the next corner lot. He was an Indian sixty-eight years old. His wife was a mulatto. They had six children.

Alejandro Rosas lived next in the first lot on the east side. He was an Indian nineteen years old. His wife was a mulatto. They had no children.

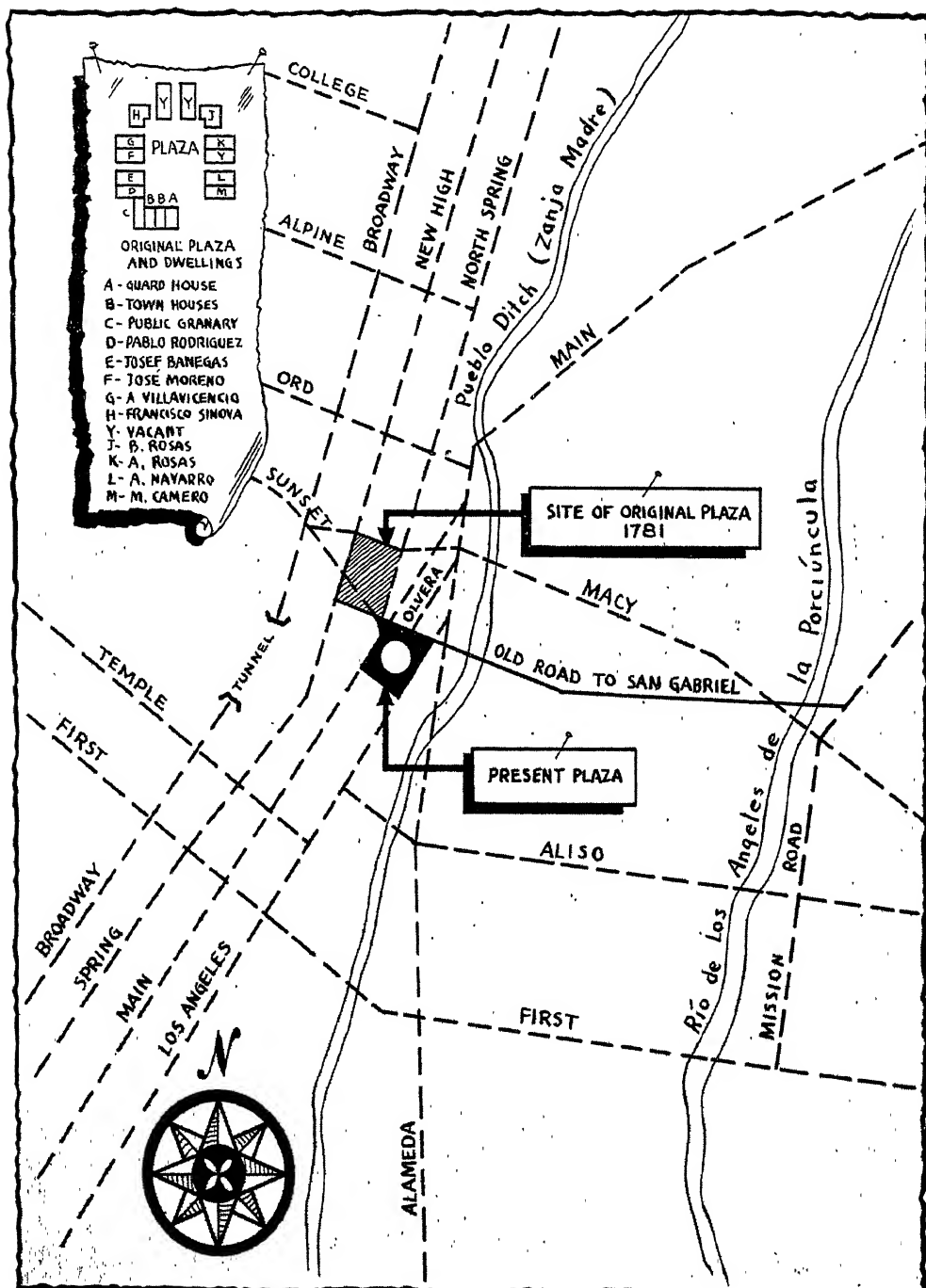
Next to Alejandro Rosas there was a vacant lot.

Antonio Navarro lived next. He is the only man whose trade we know. He was a tailor. He was part Spanish and part Indian. His wife was a mulatto. They had three children.

The last family dwelling fronting the old plaza was that of Manuel Camero. He was a mulatto thirty years old. His wife was a mulatto. They had no children.

If we had walked that dusty trail so long ago, here we should have stopped. All beyond was unscarred desert land—sage and cactus and chapparal.

We know now the names and races of the pueblo's first settlers. But few people have even heard of them. It is the proud old Spanish families who came many years later that we remember. Their names are on our streets and schools and parks. Their grandchildren we honor. But we should remember the first settlers again. We should think of the long desert miles they traveled to found a pueblo where only savage Indians lived. We should remember how they cleared the fields, and made the river water them. They were poor and ignorant. But we should remember that they were also brave.



The plaza of Our Lady, then and now

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*The Pueblo Itself*

If we asked how most of the cities in America were started and who planned them, the answer would be this: they were not planned; they just happened.

Los Angeles is a city that did not just happen. It had been thought out and planned many years before Felipe de Neve touched his sword to the earth and said, "Here we will found the pueblo." The governor worked long hours laying out the new pueblo on paper. He thought of many things that would help to make it a good place to live.

First, of course, he put it near the river so that the people could get water for themselves and for their crops. Next, he said, "It must be on a hill," so that the people could look down on their farms and pastures, and so that they could see bands of Indians far off if they came to attack.

The pueblo, as Felipe de Neve laid it out, was a great square six miles each way. Its north side was on a line with what is now Fountain Avenue. The east side was on a line with Indiana Street. The south side was on a line with Thirty-ninth Street. And the west side was what is now Hoover Street.

Near the center of the pueblo was the plaza. It was 225 feet wide and 300 feet long.

The plaza we know today is not the original one. The old plaza lay north and west of it. The two plazas would have touched only on the corner of Marchessault and North Spring.



On the east side of the plaza were the fields for farming. They lay between what is now Alameda Street and the river.

The lands belonging to the king were on the east side of the river. They were in what is now called Boyle Heights.

On three sides of the plaza were the twelve lots the governor had laid out for the houses of the new citizens. Each lot was sixty by one hundred and twenty feet.

The east side of the plaza had four small lots. These were kept for the jail, the church, the guardhouse, and the public granary.

The pueblo of our Lady, as the first settlers saw it, was only a great desert country with the tiny clearing at the plaza. It was a great desert country from which, in some way, they must take a living.

*Gifts From the King*

Their houses were ready to live in. Now the people could unpack and put away their goods.

King Carlos III of Spain had given them many things because he was very anxious to have pueblos started in California. He could get no people to come to this lonely desert country unless he offered them a great deal.

There were buckskin boots, buttoned shoes, capes, hats, handkerchiefs, and suits for the men. There were dresses, jackets, shoes, stockings, *rebozos* and ribbons for the women and girls. There were ribbons for the men, too. The ribbons were to be used to tie the long queue or braid of hair each man had. There was a leather jacket for each man. It was made of seven pieces of deerskin laid one on top of the other, then quilted together. No arrow could go through this jacket. Of course, every man had long spurs, a bridle, and a saddle.

Pots for cooking were given to each family. A few dishes and a knife they had, also.

Besides this, each family was given animals and tools. This is the list of animals and tools the governor said each man should have:

Two horses

Two cows

One calf

Two sheep

Two goats

Two oxen

Two mules

One plow

One hoe

One spade

One axe

One sickle

One wood knife

One musket

One leather shield

To the pueblo and for the use of everyone, he gave

One anvil and forge

Six crowbars

Six iron spades

Tools for carpenter and cast work

Of course, each man was given his lot and farming land. Besides this, they were to have ten dollars a month for three years.

The bags were all unpacked. The king's gifts were scattered about the doors and on the floor of the little new houses. How rich those *paisanos* from Mexico must have felt as they looked around. They were like other Robinson Crusoes in their new land. Surely with plow, and hoe, and seed to plant, they could take a living from the earth.

It was not plow and hoe, however, that gave Californians many years later their *palacios* and silver laces. But that is another story—a story of golden days in a golden land.

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*Work on the Farms*

Now that their houses were finished and their gifts unpacked, the people started to work on their farms. Each man had two fields. The fields were square. They were six hundred feet on each side. They were on the east side of the plaza and near the river.

The crows who went flapping over the pueblo when it was very new looked down on a strange sight one morning. They saw the people come out from the plaza carrying tools and driving their oxen. They saw them plod through the sage and the cactus down toward the river. They saw them yoke the oxen to the plow. And then they saw the good black earth slowly rolling up from the point.

These black old crows of one hundred and fifty years ago were just like the crows of today. After flapping and cawing about and making a great fuss, they settled down behind the plow. Up and down, and up and down, they followed the farmer. One picked up a fat worm. Another pulled out a wriggling bug which was diving for safety. It was the biggest feast these crows had ever had. And it was the easiest to get.

Those lazy, chattering old crows did not know just what all the new tools and people were. But they were sure they were going to like them.

The plow those farmers used was not much like the plow a farmer uses today. It was only a short piece of iron. The iron was hollow at one end. It was sharpened at the other end. Into

the hollow end, the farmer pushed a tree limb. Another limb was fastened to the plow and to the yoke on the horns of the oxen.

The oxen did not like the board across their horns. It hurt them. They tossed their heads and tried to get it off.

Long afterward, when Americans came to California, they asked the people why they yoked their oxen so. The Californians were very proud to be citizens of Spain. They said, "In Spain they yoke the oxen this way. If they do it in Spain, it is good enough for us."

There was no harrow to make the ground smooth after plowing. Instead of a harrow, they used the branch of a tree. They pulled the branch back and forth and back and forth until the ground was smooth.

When the ground was smooth enough, the people took their hoes. They made long, straight trenches in the ground. They dropped seeds, a few at a time, in each trench.

This was the way they planted corn, peas, pumpkins, beans, and some other seeds. Wheat they planted by scattering it over the earth with their hands.

Often, they had to plant their fields two, or even three, times. The reason was those same black crows. The crows liked the seeds even better than they liked the worms and bugs. Just behind the men, they followed. They pulled out every seed they could find and ate it.

The farmers, after a while, learned to put brush over their fields so that the crows could not get to their seeds.

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When the seeds began to come up, there was more work to do. Pulling out the weeds and hoeing around the little new plants was probably the children's job.

If we could have walked by their fields one morning long ago, we might have seen the children at their work. We might have seen them in their sack-like shirts and shapeless trousers moving about the field. We might have seen the wide hats with the tall crowns like great ice-cream cones bobbing about. We might have seen the small brown faces beneath the hats, and the bare brown feet, making prints in the soft earth.

After the plants were up, of course, they had to be watered, too. How the first people made the river Porciúncula water their fields is another story. It is the story of old mother river, without which the pueblo of our Lady could never have been.

### *Old Mother River*

#### PORTOLÁ NAMES HER

Twelve years before Felipe de Neve founded Los Angeles, Portolá, the first governor, discovered it. It was on that first long journey up the coast, when they were hunting the lost bay of Monterey, that they found it.

Padre Crespi, who was with Portolá, kept a diary of that trip. He tells in the diary that on the second of August, 1769, they came to a beautiful river.

About the river he wrote: "The plain where the river runs is very large. It has good land for planting all kinds of grain and seeds." He also said that along the river there was a large vineyard of wild grapes and many, many rosebushes in full bloom.

The Spaniards thought the roses were beautiful. Father Crespi said they picked one branch that had on it six roses and twelve buds. Because the roses looked like those that grew in Castile in Spain, they called them "roses of Castile."

There were many trees along the river, too. There were alders and cottonwoods and willows. Among the trees they found animals and birds. There were beavers, rabbits, and squirrels. There were deer and antelope, and wolves and grizzly bears. There were California lions and wildcats.

Quail went scurrying through the grass. Wild ducks were on the water and bright-feathered birds called from the branches of the trees.

The river had many fish, too. There were swift trout in shadowed pools, and great schools of tiny silver fish that sparkled in the sunlight.

Wherever the river ran was a beautiful garden place. The Spaniards marked out the river on their charts and said, "Here would be a good place for a mission or pueblo."

Ever since Adam and Eve named the animals and trees in their garden, always people who see places or things first have had the right to name them. These were the first white men to see this river. So, of course, they named it. The day on which they found it was a church holiday for "Our Lady of the Angels of Porciúncula." Because of this holiday, they called the river Porciúncula.

The Porciúncula River we now call "Los Angeles" River. But for many years after the pueblo of our Lady was built on its banks, it was still known as the Porciúncula.

How the citizens of the little pueblo and the Indians in the ranchería near-by were fed and clothed and mothered by the river Porciúncula, is another true story.

#### SHE CARES FOR PUEBLO AND RANCHERÍA

When the pueblo was young and the Indian ranchería lay near-by, the river Porciúncula was a mother to them both.

The Indians planted their little crops of corn and oats along its banks. They fished in its deep pools. They drank its cool waters. When the day was hot, they waded and bathed in the shallow places.





At first the women carried the water in great jars.

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The pueblo people cut poles for their first houses from the river's banks. They gathered tules there for their roofs. They, too, fished in its waters and hunted along its banks. Their cattle and horses came down to the river for their water. Of course, all the drinking water for the pueblo came from it. At first the women carried the water in great jars. Later it was hauled from door to door.

The pueblo people made a great ditch also. They turned the water from the river into this ditch. The water ran down to the crops and gardens.

There would have been little food for pueblo or ranchería if old mother river had not been there to make it grow.

*Our Lady After Five Years*

Just five years after Governor de Neve founded the little pueblo, a very important man came to visit there. This man was José Argüello, who later was a governor of California. Governor Fages told him to visit each *poblador* and see what he had done in the five years that he had been there.

When Governor de Neve put the settlers on their lots about the plaza and gave them their fields for farming, he told them the land would not belong to them until the end of five years.

At the end of five years, he said, he would send someone to see what they had done. They must build good adobe houses on their lots. They must raise some chickens. They must plant their fields to wheat and corn and vegetables. They must build a public granary and a church and a house for the soldiers. They must make good irrigating ditches and take care of them. If at the end of five years they had done all this, then they would be given the lots and fields for their own. They could never sell them, but they would be theirs while they lived. And when they died, they would go to their children.

The five years had passed and Señor Argüello had come to carry out the governor's promise.

Señor Argüello rode about the pueblo. He found nine families living around the plaza. Eight of the families were the same ones who had camped there that first night five years before. Three of the first eleven families had been sent away, and one new family had moved in.

Señor Argüello found a square adobe house on each settler's lot. The first little willow and tule huts were gone. The adobe houses were roofed with tar taken from La Brea. They had only one small room. Their floors were of dirt. The windows had no glass. The doors were still of ox hide. The furniture was a bed, a stool or two, a bench, and a leather trunk.

Most of the *pobladores* did not even have a table. They held their plates, or put them on the floor.

The bed was a hide, stretched on wooden stakes. On it were two or three coarse blankets.

Out in the yard was a pile of stones where the cooking was done.

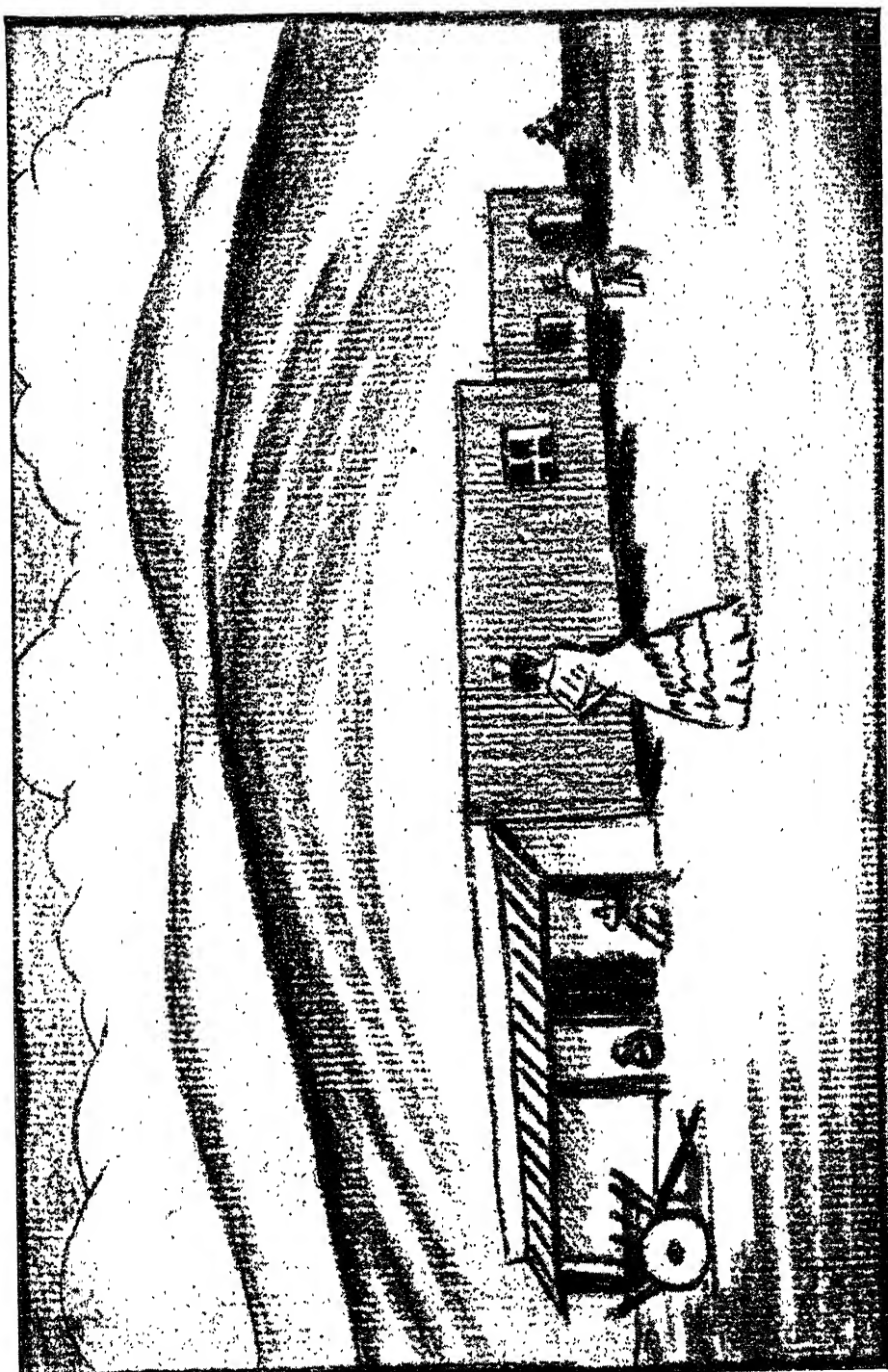
Chickens wandered about, inside and outside the house. And everywhere there were dogs—hundreds of them.

Señor Argüello looked at the houses. He thought the settlers had done very well. Of course, the houses were not *palacios*, but the one Governor Fages himself lived in up in Monterey was not so much better. The public buildings were inspected next. A town house, a granary, a guardhouse, and a chapel had been built.

The *Zanja Madre* and the smaller irrigating ditches were all in use.

The fields were planted to wheat and corn and barley. There were patches of beans, peas, squashes, melons, and peppers.

Around the nine little adobes and around a part of the fields, a wall had been built. It had been made at first of willow poles, but it was made of adobe now.



He found a square adobe house on each settler's lot.

The little herds had grown in the five years. Each man had fifteen or twenty horses and cows. He had many sheep and goats.

Señor Argüello saw all these things. He was well pleased. He talked to the *pobladores* and to the soldiers. He called all the people together in the plaza. There, before them all, he gave to each man a deed to his lot and a deed to his two fields.

Señor Argüello signed the deeds. Two soldiers signed them as witnesses. Then each *poblador* put a cross where his name should have been signed. He put a cross because he could not write. He could not even write his name.

When the deed had been given, there was still another gift for each man. Señor Argüello gave to each one a branding iron. Each iron was different.

Each *poblador* would mark all his cattle and horses with his own iron. Then everyone would know whose they were.

The little ceremony was over.

*Pobladores* hurried home to put away carefully the precious deeds.

How proud they must have been as they looked about and thought, "This lot is mine. These fields are mine. They are gifts from my king."

### *How the Pueblo Grew*

In 1786, when Señor Argüello gave the settlers their deeds, there were only nine families. By 1790, there were twenty-eight families. Twelve adobe houses were built about the plaza. The others were built near-by. There were no streets, but only dusty paths where people walked or rode.

The fields were well taken care of. In 1790 the people of Los Angeles raised more grain than the mission of San Gabriel.

The herds were growing fast. There were three thousand horses and cattle. There were seventeen hundred sheep.

Now the people could use the cattle for food. But neither the cattle nor the horses were worth very much. In 1795, a man who owned a thousand horses went to San Gabriel mission. He begged the padres to give him a piece of cloth for a shirt.

In 1800, nearly twenty years after the pueblo was founded, it looked much as it did when Señor Argüello saw it. There were a few more houses, and a few more families.

Soldiers from the presidios were settling in Los Angeles. Many of them were Spanish. They came from good families. They had gone to school in Spain. They were not poor and ignorant as the first settlers were. Many of these soldiers became very important citizens. They had large herds of cattle and horses. They had great ranchos. They and their children were known and respected through all California. Even today their great-grandchildren own much land about Los Angeles. And they, too, are known and respected there.

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Life was growing easier for the *pobladores*. The Indians were doing more and more of their work. At first, the *pobladores* plowed and planted their own fields, but by 1800 the Indians were doing this work for them. The Indians asked very little for their work. A little food and perhaps some old clothing satisfied them.

Since the Indians did the work, the citizens had more time for games. They began to have more and more parties. They had horse races and bullfights and cockfights.

After 1800, because there were Indians to do the work, people built larger adobe houses. They asked the governor for ranchos. They built houses on them. They set out large vineyards. More than a hundred acres of vineyards were planted about the pueblo.

More and more people settled in the pueblo. Nearly three hundred lived there in 1815. But still everyone seemed very poor.

Until the trading ships came, there were no fine clothes. There was almost no furniture. There were no glass windows, no hinges for doors, no china plates, no spoons or forks. There were not even nails.



### *Law and Order in the Pueblo*

In the presidios, like Monterey, the commander of the army made the laws, and saw to it that everyone obeyed them. If people did not do as he said, he had them locked in the *calabozo*. Sometimes he had them whipped. He even used his cane on them himself at times.

In the missions, the padres were the law. They told the Indians what they must do. They punished them or had other Indians punish them if they did not obey. Their rule was like a father's. They treated the Indians as if they were children in a family.

Law in the pueblos was very different. The people elected each year an *ayuntamiento*. The *ayuntamiento* was made up of five officers. There was an *alcalde*, three aldermen, and one *procurador síndico*.

Each pueblo was supposed to have a house where the *ayuntamiento* could meet. In Los Angeles the *ayuntamiento* usually met at the home of the *alcalde*.

The *ayuntamiento* met each Tuesday and Thursday. The members made laws for the pueblo. They listened to citizens who came to complain or to ask for certain laws to be made. They ordered the people to come to work on the *Zanja Madre*. They collected taxes.

They were police and firemen and judges and dog-catchers. They were not paid, but they were glad to serve because it was a great honor to be one of the *ayuntamiento*.

It was the *alcalde*, however, who was most honored, and who

had the most power. As a sign of his office, he always carried a gold and silver-headed cane with black tassels hanging from the top. Wherever he walked, the people stood at one side for him to pass. They bowed very low. They took off their hats and kept them off until he had passed.

It was a great honor to be *alcalde*, and it was also a great deal of work. The *alcalde* decided every quarrel in his pueblo. If two men quarreled over a horse, they went to the *alcalde*. He said, "The horse belongs to this man," and from then on it did belong to him.

If a man and his wife quarreled, they went before the *alcalde*. He listened to each one. Then he told them what they must do.

If a citizen stole anything, the *alcalde* ordered him sent to jail, or had him given so many lashes, or sent him to work on the *Zanja Madre*.

Many laws were made for the little pueblo of our Lady, and most of them were obeyed.

If a *poblador* wished to have a party at his house, he first had to get a license from the *alcalde*. It cost two *pesos*.

If a man wished to serenade a señorita, he first had to get a license. If he forgot to get his license, he was fined one *peso* and a half the first time and three *pesos* the second time. If he did it a third time, he was thrown into the *calabozo*.

There were no street sweepers in early Los Angeles. Instead, the *alcalde* ruled that each house owner must sweep in front of his house on Saturday. He must sweep as far as the middle of

the street. His neighbor on the other side did the same. And so the street was cleaned.

The streets of the pueblo, of course, had no electric lights. The *alcalde* said that each person who owned a house of two or more rooms must hang a lantern in front. In the winter the lantern must be lighted from dark to eight o'clock. In the summer it must burn until nine o'clock.

At one time many people in the pueblo had smallpox. The *ayuntamiento* at once made a set of rules for all the citizens. They were ordered not to eat red peppers and spices and green fruits. They were told to bathe once in eight days, and to burn sulphur in their houses.

Many stories are told about the pueblo's *alcaldes*.

There is the story of Pío Pico. He rode to Los Angeles from his rancho at San Diego. He forgot until he was nearly there that he must have a passport to enter the pueblo. He did not wish to go back for it when he was so near Los Angeles. He thought of a way out. He wrote out a passport himself and signed it with the San Diego commander's name.

When he came to Los Angeles, he gave it to the *alcalde*. The *alcalde* looked at it for a long time very gravely. Since he could not read a word, he had no way of knowing that it was not written like a real passport. He returned it to Pío Pico. "It is very well," said the *alcalde*.

There is another story of a woman who brought her husband before the *alcalde*.

"My husband has been serenading beneath another woman's window," said the wife.

The *alcalde* looked at the man severely. He said, "Play for us the tune you played beneath the window."

The man took up his guitar and played.

"Is that the tune you played?" asked the *alcalde*.

"Si, Señor."

"Is that the best you can play it?"

"Si, Señor."

"Then I fine you two *pesos* for disturbing the public peace."

This is another story. Juan brought Pedro before the *alcalde*. He said Pedro owed him a large sum of money and would not pay it. Pedro was rich in horses and cattle, Juan said, and able to pay.

The *alcalde* asked Pedro if what Juan said was true. Pedro said it was.

"Then," said the *alcalde*, "since you owe this debt, why do you not pay it?"

"Because, Señor," replied Pedro, "I have no money."

"But you have a flock, horses, oxen, and everything," said Juan.

"Well said, Juan!" exclaimed the *alcalde*. "And he shall sell them and pay the debt or I will teach him what law is."

"Your worship is an honest and a wise man," said Juan.

Pedro looked puzzled. He thought a minute. Then he said to the *alcalde*, "But sir, a word, by your leave."

He turned to Juan. "Well, Juan, did you lend that money to me or did you lend it to my oxen or to my horses or to my flock?" he asked.

"I lent it to you, Pedro."

"You say well," said Pedro. "If you lent the money to me, then I am responsible and I must pay you. But if you lent it to my horses or my oxen or my flock, then they are responsible and they must pay you?"

The *alcalde* had listened closely. He drew himself up and said gravely, "You are right, Pedro. And your flock cannot be sold."

"And what am I to do?" asked Juan.

"Wait," said Pedro, "till I get some money to pay you."

"That is all that can be done," said the *alcalde*. And he sent them away.

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*The First American*

In 1818, when the little pueblo was thirty-eight years old, the first American came to live there. His name was Joseph Chapman.

He did not come in from the East on a fast train with three or four trunks and bags. He did not fly in on a great air liner. He did not even come by stage, on horseback, or in a covered wagon.

He could not have come in any of these ways.

He could not have come by train because nowhere in the Americas was there a train to ride on. It was eight years after this that the first railroad was made. Then it was fifty-eight years after Joseph Chapman came to Los Angeles that the first train from the East rolled into the pueblo.

He could not come by airplane because in all the world there was not one airplane.

He could not come by stage or covered wagon or horseback. No one had ever made that long, long trip over mountains and deserts, through forests and great rivers. It was eight years later that Jedediah Smith, the first "overlander," led his ragged band into the sunny valleys of the Pacific.

No, Joseph Chapman could not have come from America to California by way of land or air. The only way he could have come was by sea.

Often merchant ships came to California. They brought furniture and clothing and food to trade for hides. Joseph

Chapman might have come on one of those ships. But he did not come that way. This is the story of how he came.

A pirate named Hippolyte de Bouchard sailed with his two ships to the coast of California. He and his men stopped at Monterey. The people were all afraid of pirates. They fled to the hills. The pirates took all their gold and silver and jewels. They took everything they wished. Then they went back to their ships.

The pirates stopped next at Santa Barbara. The people there tried to fight them. But they had only one cannon. The one cannon would not shoot. So they ran away, too. The pirates took more rich treasure.

Governor Solá was angry. He said, "This must stop." He gathered soldiers together. He sent word to Antonio Lugo in Los Angeles. He said, "Bring all the strong men from your pueblo. Come at once and help fight the pirates."

Antonio Lugo called all the men who were able to go with him. They marched to the Ortega rancho. When the pirates stopped there, they fought with them.

The pirates were beaten, and they ran for their ships. Just as one man reached the water's edge, Antonio Lugo lassoed him. The man kicked and struggled. But Antonio Lugo had lassoed cattle and horses and grizzly bears. He pulled the man to him easily. The man knew he could not get away. He surrendered.

That man was Joseph Chapman. He was an American.

The soldiers and their captive stayed at the Ortega rancho that night. Joseph Chapman met the Ortegas. They became



Antonio Lugo had lassoed cattle and horses and grizzly bears.



friends. The next day the soldiers went back to Los Angeles. Antonio Lugo took Joseph Chapman along. He was not put in jail. He was a good worker and he said he would do anything to make a living.

The people were building a new church. Joseph Chapman said he would go to the mountains and get timbers for the church. The people sent many Indians with him to help him. He and the Indians went far up the mountain side. They worked for many weeks cutting the trees and hewing them into timbers. Then they brought them down to the little adobe church and set them in the ceiling.

Today the stumps of those trees are still on the mountain side. In the little Church of our Lady that stands just across from the plaza, we can see the great oak beams that have held up its roof for more than a hundred years.

At San Gabriel, Chapman saw something else he could do. The padres there had a water wheel. They used it to grind their grain, but it was not made right. The water splashed on the grain and spoiled it. The American put a new piece on the wheel to protect the grain. The padres were very grateful.

Later, Joseph Chapman built the first sea-going ship in southern California. It was used for hunting otter.

Joseph Chapman had been on a pirate ship, but he became a good citizen. The Californians liked him. They invited him to their homes. They called him "friend."

Four years after he came from the pirate ship to the Ortega rancho, he returned to that rancho as a son-in-law. He married

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Guadalupe Ortega, a daughter of the wealthy Ortega family.

The Ortegas gave him a rancho for his own. He had cattle and horses and Indian servants. He became a Mexican citizen.

Today, Joseph Chapman's great-grandchildren are living in California. They are very proud of the old Ortega family to which they belong. They are proud, too, of their American great-grandfather who came in to rob, but stayed to build and plant.

### *Pobladores*

Fifty years after Felipe de Neve had founded the little pueblo, it became very important. Next to Monterey, it was the most important settlement in all California. Its buildings were better, and its citizens were better known and more highly respected than any others in California except those in Monterey.

Those poor ignorant *pobladores* who were the first citizens of the little new pueblo were no longer heard of. Their huts were gone from about the plaza. Where they had stood were now the houses of the rich. There were no skyscrapers, no three- or four-story houses with lawns and trees about them as we have today, but there were large adobes with cool patios.

Of all the citizens who lived about the plaza, perhaps Don Abel Stearns was the most important. He was an American who came to California in 1828. He had become a Mexican citizen. He was given one large rancho and he bought many more.

Don Abel was as much a Californian as the Spanish *pobladores*. He lived as they did. He visited in their homes and invited them to his. He married Arcadia Bandini. Arcadia was a daughter of Don Juan Bandini. She was said to be the most beautiful woman in California, and Don Abel was said to be the ugliest man. They often called him *Cara de Caballo*, which meant horseface. His *vaqueros* sang a little song about him and Doña Arcadia:

"Two little doves sang on a laurel

How lovely Doña Arcadia, how homely Don Abel."

Don Abel built a fine house beside the plaza. It was a whole block long. It had a ballroom which was one hundred feet long. The house was richly furnished. It had a plank floor and glass in its windows.

The great house was called by everyone Don Abel's *Palacio*. Many gay parties were given there.

Pío Pico was another famous *poblador* of Los Angeles.

He was born at San Gabriel Mission. He lived there while he was a boy. Then he lived on his rancho at San Diego.

He came back to Los Angeles in 1830 and he lived there most of his life.

Pío Pico was a very gay young man. He had more and finer clothes than anyone in California. He had jewelry of all kinds. He wore huge gold rings set with rubies and diamonds. He wore two gold watches with two very heavy gold chains crossed over his vest.

Don Pío attended nearly every party given in southern California. He often rode two or three hundred miles for a party.

He liked horse racing, too, and he kept many good race horses. He always bet a great deal of money on his horses.

Don Pío's houses on his ranchos and in the pueblo were very large and filled with beautiful furniture.

He called one rancho a few miles from Los Angeles, *Ranchito*. The adobe he built there had thirty-three rooms. The house was built around a patio paved with red tile. In the patio was a fountain and a well and a large fig tree. There were flowers and vines everywhere.

Each one of the thirty-three rooms had lovely carved furniture from the trading ships. There were canopied beds and sofas and mirrors. There was a piano that cost twelve thousand dollars. It is said that there were thick carpets on the floors which had patterns of bright colored flowers. The walls were papered. The paper, too, was in large patterns of flowers.

Don Pío entertained hundreds of people in his *Ranchito* adobe. Nearly every night when he was living there, he had a party.

Don Pío, however, did not spend all his time at parties. He held many important offices in the pueblo and in California. He was well known and had much influence in Mexico, too.

There was one thing Don Pío had always wanted. He was proud of Los Angeles and he wanted more than anything else that it should be the capital of California. He wrote many letters to Mexico. He told the viceroy what a fine place Los Angeles would be for a capital. He worked so hard at making it the capital that at last he succeeded. In 1835 the viceroy said that the capital should be moved from Monterey to Los Angeles.

Don Pío was made governor. He lived in Los Angeles which was then the capital of California.

Don Antonio María Lugo was another distinguished *poblador*. He was an important man in the pueblo and in California. He was often *alcalde* of the pueblo. He had many ranchos and a large house in Los Angeles near the plaza.

Don Antonio was known and respected all over California. He was respected because he came from a fine Spanish family, because he held many important positions in the pueblo and in California, and because he was generous and kind.

But he was more respected because of the way he could ride. Don Antonio was called the best rider in California, and that was a great honor among Californians.

It was Don Antonio who brought Joseph Chapman, the first American, to the pueblo. Someone who knew Don Antonio has told the story of how he brought his prisoner into the pueblo one night.

Don Antonio had been gone two weeks and his wife and children were very anxious about him. His wife, Doña Dolores, stood one evening in the door of her house, looking and listening for him. She heard the sound of many horses trotting. She heard spurs jingling as the soldiers rode down the path around the hill.

They came to the guardhouse. She heard the password given, and soon she saw riding across the plaza toward the house, two men on one horse. She heard her husband call his usual greeting—*Ave María Purísima*.

Now the children hurried to the door. They knelt with clasped hands and received their father's blessing.

The two men dismounted.

The señora and her children looked in wonder at the strange man with Don Antonio. They listened in surprise to the unknown language he spoke.

So the pueblo people saw, for the first time, an American.

Many stories are told about Don Antonio. Perhaps of them all, this one is told oftenest.

It happened when he was seventy-one years old and he rode to Monterey to see his sister, Doña María Vallejo.

Doña María was sitting one day on the veranda of her house in Monterey. Her three granddaughters were with her. They noticed, a long way off, three horsemen coming into town. Doña María shaded her eyes and looked at them. She said, "There comes my brother."

"Oh, grandmother," said one of the girls, "there come three horsemen, but no one can tell who they are, so far away."

"Girl," said her grandmother, "my old eyes are better than yours. That tall man in the middle is my brother whom I have not seen for twenty years. I know him by the way he sits in his saddle. No man in California rides as he does. Hurry off, girl, call your mother and aunts, your brothers, sisters, and cousins, and let us go forth to welcome him."

When Don Antonio Lugo rode up to the house, he found a group of twenty women and children waiting to welcome him. First of all was his sister, Doña María Vallejo.

There were many other *pobladores* in the city of our Lady. There were many who were fine and famous citizens, but it would take too long to tell about them all. We can find their names and what they did in books of history. We can read there of the Carrillos and Del Valles and Requenas and Argüellos.

For a very special reason, however, we shall tell the story of one more *poblador*.

Hugo Reid was a Scotsman who came to California in 1834. He was very important in the pueblo. He was a member of

the *ayuntamiento* for many years, and he often wrote their long regulations for them.

He was a special friend of Don Abel Stearns. They called each other *compadre*, which meant they were as brothers. They wrote long letters to each other when either one went away from the pueblo.

Don Hugo had gone to school in England. He was a scholar. He spoke French and English and Spanish, and later one of the Indian languages. He had a large library and knew history and geography. He had traveled in many countries.

It is not strange that the Californians thought him a very great gentleman.

Three years later, they were not so sure that he was a great gentleman. For he was married at San Gabriel Mission to an Indian.

The proud Spanish families who were Don Hugo's friends looked upon the Indians as savages or slaves. They made fun of Don Hugo. They were rude to his wife.

Don Hugo paid no attention to them. He was not ashamed of his wife. He knew and liked the Indians. He thought they were a kindly, simple folk. He thought they had as much right to be proud of their people as the Americans or the Spanish had.

Perhaps it was because Don Hugo wished the world to know and respect his wife and her people as he did that he wrote his famous letters about the Indians.

No matter why he did it, we are glad he wrote those letters. For we can learn from them how the Indians lived before the



white man came. We know how they went to school in the little Yang Na ranchería. We know how they hunted and fished and what games they played. We know about their houses and their churches.

Hugo Reid is still remembered as a good ranchero, a great scholar, and a *poblador* everyone respected. But he will be remembered longest for his stories of the Indians of southern California.





Old, old women sat weaving their baskets of rushes.

## RANCHERÍA

### *Yang Na*

Before Los Angeles began, before California began, there was a village on the river Porciúncula. Houses were built in the village. People came and went in the streets. There were feasts and dances and political meetings.

The citizens were a strange, dark people. Their black hair hung unbraided on their shoulders. Their brown bodies glistened in the sun.

The men wore no clothing. The women wore only skirts of deerskin. But around their necks both men and women wore heavy necklaces of shells and stones and whale teeth. Fastened in the women's ears were rings of whale teeth hung with feathers of the hawk and turkey buzzard. Smooth pieces of cane were fastened in the ears of the men. Around the arms of both were bracelets of shells.

When it was flower-time, the children and the women were gay with many-colored wreaths. Flowers of every kind and color were fastened in their hair. Flowers strung with stalks and leaves hung about their necks and arms.

Early in the morning we could have seen the village people. We could have seen the women as they left their tule huts and went north and west toward the hills. They walked alone or went in groups of five or six. Babies' heads bobbed at their shoulders. Children ran beside them. There was talking and

the sound of low chanting as the women scattered to their work in the hills.

Now, if it was a hunting day, the men and boys began to gather. Parties of the young men, armed with bows and stone-tipped arrows, set out to look for deer. Others, alone, or in two's or three's, slipped silently between the trees. They followed the dark trails that led through shrubs and trailing vines beside the river.

The little village was very quiet through the day. Here and there, men too old for hunting sat before their tule huts. Old, old women with wrinkled leathery faces sat weaving their baskets of rushes.

It was not until the trees were making long shadows on the ground that the village woke up.

The men returned from the hunt. On their shoulders were red deer and strings of rabbits.

The women wandered in from the hills. Their baskets were heaped with acorns and *islay* and the seeds of *chía*.

Fires were laid in the huts.

The women skinned and cleaned the animals. They roasted the meat over the flames. The men sat in groups and smoked and talked. Children laughed and shouted as they played about the huts.

Soon the stars came out. Then one by one the huts were silent.

A day was ended in Yang Na.

*Children of Yang Na*

The Indian children who played two hundred years ago about the huts of the Yang Na ranchería were just like the children of today. They ran races. They played games. They swam in the river. They helped their mothers. They were all very busy and very happy.

There was not one school in the Yang Na ranchería. The children did not go to school even one day a year, and yet each day there were many things they had to learn.

No one ever learned to read or write or to do problems in arithmetic. No one learned to spell. No one learned to draw. There were no books to read and no papers to write on in Yang Na. So it was of no use to learn these things. But there were many things they did need to know.

Perhaps one of the first things an Indian child learned to do was to swim. When he was very little his father put him in the water and held him up. The little one kicked and beat the water with his hands. Soon he could keep himself afloat. In this way the Indian children learned to swim, and always after they had learned, they went into the water at least once a day to swim or bathe.

There were many tasks for the little Indian girls. Often there was a little brother or sister to take care of. If the baby was very small, his sister carried him in a basket on her back. If he was old enough to walk, she watched him and kept him from getting hurt.

While they were very young, Indian girls were taught to make baskets of rushes and the split roots of trees.

The little girls learned which seeds were good to eat, and they learned to beat the seeds from the stems and catch them in a basket. They helped their mothers grind the seeds in hollows of the rocks.

The Indian boys had much more time to play than their sisters had. But they, too, had lessons to learn. First of all they had to learn to shoot with bow and arrow. An Indian boy was very small when his father made him his first bow and arrows. He was proud of them, of course, and he went about shooting at everything he could see. He wanted more than anything else to become a good hunter, and to do that he had to practice until he could shoot very well.

Another thing an Indian boy had to learn was to dance. He learned to dance the war dance and to paint himself properly for it. He learned to dance the different dances of his religion. The wise men taught him. They made him practice for days and days.

In each *ranchería* one boy was trained to be a messenger for the chief. No one knew how to write. So, when the chief of Yang Na wished to send a message to the chief of another *ranchería*, he called his messenger boy. He told the boy all he wished to say to the other chief. Then the messenger boy made a journey to the other *ranchería*. He had to remember and tell the chief of the other *ranchería* every word the chief of Yang Na had said.

When a boy had been taught to be a messenger, he served for a long time. He served until he began to forget parts of the messages. Then another boy was trained to take his place.

The Indian children did not learn to read or write, but they did learn to count. They counted:

one . . . . .	<i>pucu</i>
two . . . . .	<i>wehé</i>
three . . . . .	<i>pahe</i>
four . . . . .	<i>watza</i>
five . . . . .	<i>mahar</i>

Ten was *wehés mahar*.

Children were taught to sing, also. They learned songs of their religion. They learned songs of war and of hunting and of fiesta.



*Stories the Indians Told*

## HOW THE WORLD BEGAN

The Indians who lived at Yang Na told this story of the creation.

Long, long ago, before men or animals were on the earth, the world was tumbled together just any way. Then Y-yo-ha-rivg-nain, the Giver of Life, arranged the world as it is now. He set up the mountains and stretched out the plains. He put the water by itself and made it run through the land as rivers.

He placed the world on the shoulders of seven giants whom he made for that purpose. Each giant had a name. When a giant moved a little to ease the weight on his shoulder, there was an earthquake.

When his work with the world was finished, Y-yo-ha-rivg-nain made the animals. And finally he made from the earth a man and a woman. The man's name was Tobohar. The woman's name was Pabavit.

As soon as he had finished making man and woman, Y-yo-ha-rivg-nain ascended to heaven. The souls of all who die go to him in heaven.

## A YANG NA STORY OF THE PLEIADES

There were seven brothers married to seven sisters. They lived in a large hut together. The men went out every day to hunt rabbits. The women went out to gather roots and seeds. The men always came back first.



He placed the world on the shoulders of seven giants.

When the women came home with their seeds and roots, the six older brothers told them they had not had any luck. They gave their wives nothing, not even a locust, to eat. But the youngest brother always gave his wife a rabbit.

This went on for a long time. Every day the brothers said that they had caught nothing, and every day the youngest brother gave his wife a rabbit. It went on for so long that the sisters began to think that their husbands were cheating them.

They talked it over and decided that they would find out the truth. They decided that the youngest sister should stay at home the next day, pretending that she had a pain in her jaw. Then she could watch when the men returned.

Next day the men took their bows and arrows and set out. The six sisters took their baskets and set out, but they left the youngest sister. She was hidden in the tules and rushes at the end of the hut where she could see and hear everything.

Several hours before sunset, the hunting party returned. They were loaded down with rabbits. They roasted and ate all of them except one. The youngest brother put one aside for his wife. The others scolded him. They said, "Why do you save the rabbit? Eat them all as we do."

The youngest brother said that he cared for his wife, and that he would always keep one rabbit for her.

"More fool, you," said the others. "We care more for ourselves than for those root-diggers."

When they had finished their feast, they gathered up all the bones. They hid them outside the hut.

After some time, the youngest wife arose. The men were much surprised to see her. They asked her where she came from. She said that she had been asleep at the back of the hut. She told them she had to stay at home because of a pain in her jaw. "But I am better now," she said. "The sleep did me good."

After a while the women came home. They ran up to their sister and asked her how she was.

The women soon found a chance to leave the hut. The sister told them all that had happened, and they looked at the bones which had been hidden. They cried a great deal, and they talked over what they should do.

"Let us turn into water," said the oldest.

"That would never do," cried the others. "For then our husbands would drink us."

The second sister said, "Let us turn into stones."

"No," said the others. "For then our husbands would walk upon us."

The third sister thought that they should turn into trees. But the others said that then they would be used for firewood.

Nothing anyone thought of suited the others until they came to the youngest sister. She said, "Let us change ourselves into stars."

At first the others did not like that because they would be seen. But they decided, since they would be out of reach, and since they could think of nothing else, to do it.

Now the sisters went to the marshland. There they gathered many reeds and made of them a strange machine. In this machine

they ascended to heaven. They placed themselves in the sky as stars.

Down in the tule hut, no one seemed to be sorry for the loss of the women except the youngest brother. He went every day to the woods, looking for his wife. One day he stood by the marsh and complained of the loss of his wife.

The sisters took pity on him. They told him how to use the reed machine. When he reached the sky, they placed him a little way off from them in the form of another group of stars.

The Indians always called the seven stars by the names of the seven sisters. They called the group of stars near them by the name of the youngest brother.

#### OLD MAN COYOTE

The Indian mothers, like mothers of every race, told many stories to their children. Children of Yang Na liked to hear this story of the coyote.

A coyote came one day to the banks of a river. This coyote, like all his friends and relatives, thought he was wiser than any animal on the earth. He thought he was wiser even than man.

Coyote lay down on the bank and watched the water as it flowed along. It seemed to run very slowly.

Coyote was afraid Water did not know how very wise and clever he was. He thought this would be a good time to show Water.

Coyote leaned over the bank and spoke to Water. "What say you to a race?" he said.

"Agreed to," answered Water, very calmly.

Coyote started off at a good pace. He thought he would soon leave Water behind. He ran for a little while and then looked over the bank. Water was still flowing along quietly.

Coyote ran faster. He ran until he was very tired. Every time he looked over the bank, Water was running smoothly along.

Coyote ran until he was so tired that he could not stand, but dropped panting on the bank. When he looked over, Water was flowing along as quietly as ever.

When Coyote was able to get up, he crept away with his tail between his legs.

He had something to think about for many days afterward.

### *Games the Indians Played*

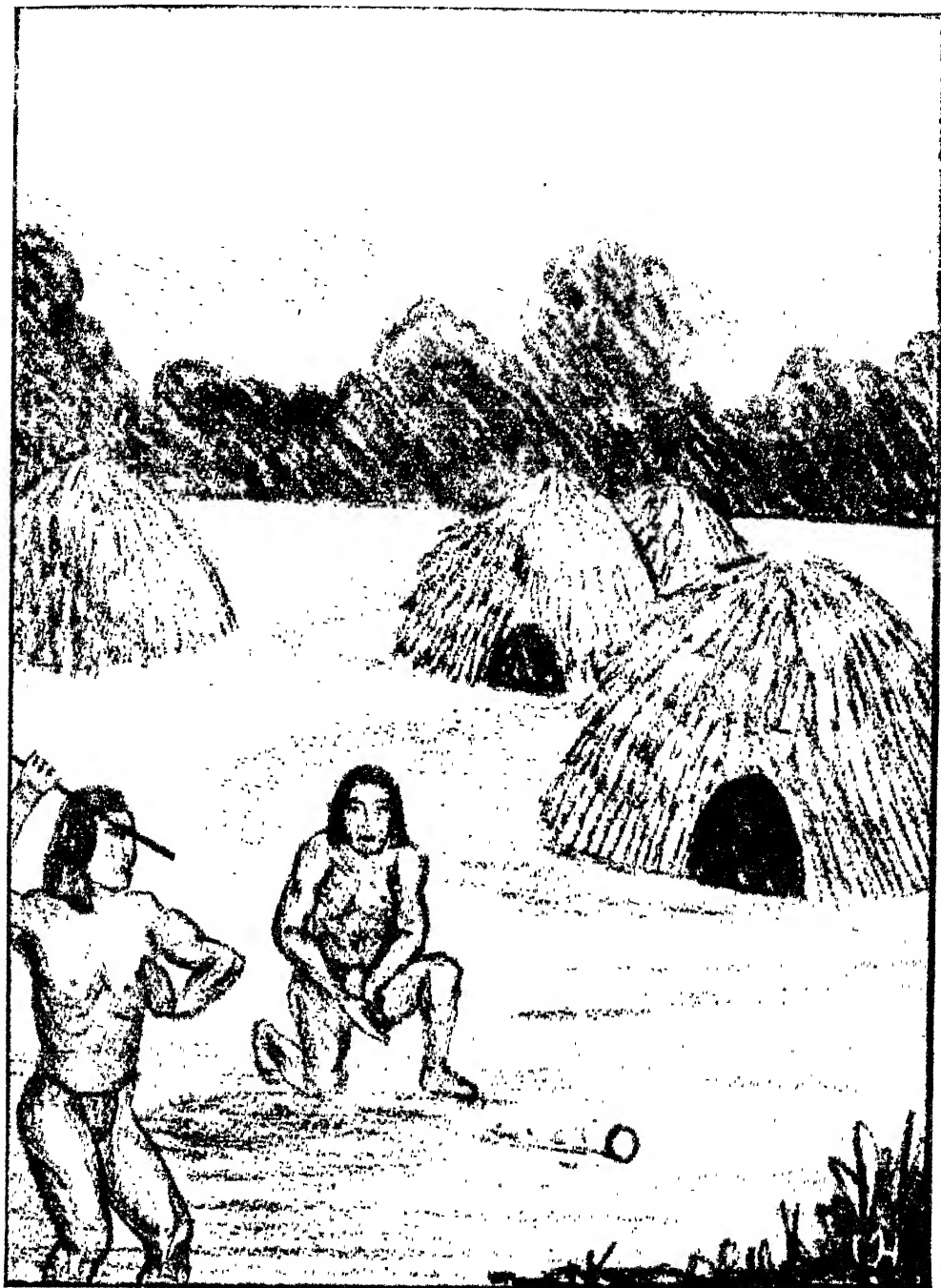
The Indian men often played games as they sat before their huts in the evening.

They played their games always very seriously and silently. Often they bet on them. They bet their strings of money shells, their fishing nets and rabbitskin coats. Sometimes they bet everything they owned on one game.

A very simple game played by two men was called *Wauri*. The men sat on the ground facing each other. Each man had a basket and eight short pieces of reed. The first player placed his pieces of reed in his basket. He laid them out in any pattern he wished. Then the second player drew a picture of how he thought the other had placed the reeds. When he finished, he looked in the basket to see if he had guessed right, if he had he made so many points. The second player then laid out his reeds in the basket and the first guessed how they were placed.

*Chacharakel* was another game for two men. Before they started playing the men stuck fifty short, sharp pieces of reed into the ground. They placed the reeds two inches apart in a long straight line. These were the counters for the game, and the men kept their score with them. For playing they used eight flat pieces of reed painted black on one side and white on the other.

The first player threw the pieces of reed to the ground. Every reed which fell with the white side up counted one for the player. If they all fell with the black side up, that counted eight. But no



Hararicuar



blacks counted unless the reeds all fell with the black side up.

When the first player had thrown his reeds, he looked to see how many white sides were up. Then he counted that many sticks in the line of fifty. He pushed in a long stick at the end of his count to mark how many points he had. And the next time he played he moved the stick over as many points as he made.

The two players took turns throwing the reeds. They both used the line of fifty sticks to keep their score. They began counting it at opposite ends. If one player made so many points that he reached the other player's counters, the other player had to begin all over again. The game lasted until one player had all fifty points.

The Indians sat on the ground and scarcely moved or talked while they played most of their games. But *Hararicuar* was different. For this game they used a ring about two inches across. Someone rolled the ring, and two players threw long reeds at it. If the ring fell on one player's reed in a certain way, it counted for that player. Three counts made a game.

Of all the games they played the Indians liked *Churchurki* best. Whenever a game of *Churchurki* was started in Yang Na every man in the *ranchería* was sure to be there watching and making bets.

The game was so important that the players always made many preparations for it before they would begin playing. First, they sent word to all the people that they would have a game of *Churchurki* at a certain time. Then they hired singers. The

singers were to sing as long as the game lasted. Next, the players hired an umpire. The umpire furnished wood for the fire and kept the fire burning as long as the game lasted. He watched all the players and saw to it that no one cheated. He decided who was right in all quarrels. He took care of the things the players and the watchers bet on the game. He held the fifteen counters and kept the score.

For *Churchurki* there were eight players, four on each side. The players sat opposite each other. Each player held a short piece of reed in each hand. In one hand was a black reed, and in one hand was a white reed.

When the umpire said "ready," the first player on the north side changed the reeds about in his hands. Then the first player on the south side guessed in which hand the white reed was. To guess he did not say a word. He clapped his hands together and pointed with one finger to the hand he thought the white reed was in. If the south player guessed right, he took the other player's reeds and the umpire gave the other three players on the south side three counters.

The second player on the south side changed his reeds next, and the second player on the north side guessed.

They played until one side had won all fifteen of the counters. Often the game lasted all night. Sometimes it lasted two or three days. Always there was a large audience. The audience sat very close to the players. They watched each play and made bets on it. Sometimes one of the watchers would become very much excited. He would bet everything he owned—all the money shells, the big fishing net, the new willow and tule hut, even the

acorns in the large basket granary. No matter how excited they were, however, the watchers did not yell or cheer. Sometimes a man would grunt when a good play was made, but he never shouted. For hours while the game went on there would be only the sound of the players clapping their hands, the heavy breathing of the audience as they watched, and now and again the long wailing songs of the singers.

*Feast Days at Yang Na*

The first Californians, like the ones who came later, had many days of festival.

There was the feast to the eagle. Then the people decorated themselves with eagle feathers. They danced. They made long speeches. They told how clever and good the man was who had become, they believed, an eagle when he died.

There were the song-fights, too. If two families quarreled, they remembered the quarrel all their lives. When they were dead, their children and their children's children remembered it.

These families who had quarreled did not make war on each other. They did not shoot each other when they met. Instead they made a feast.

Once a year all the people of each family, even to the nineteenth cousin, came together. They made a feast and sang songs. The songs were all about the family they had quarreled with. They called them the worst names they could think of. They sang about all the terrible things they hoped would happen to them. They told in their songs how ugly each member of the family was. They told what poor hunters the men were. They told what poor food-gatherers the women were. They said the children of the family would grow up to be thieves and liars.

For eight days the Indians held fiesta and sang against their enemies, and all the time they sang, they stamped their feet on the ground. They stamped their feet hard to show how they would like to stamp on the graves of their enemies.

The Indians of Yang Na had another fiesta that lasted eight days. This was the feast for the dead.

When an Indian died, his relatives kept all the things that had belonged to him. They kept them until the feast for the dead. On the eighth day of this feast, they burned them.

The feast for the dead was a very important holiday for the Indians. They began getting ready for it eight days before the time to hold it.

The chief and the old men and the wise men taught the children the dances and songs they would use at the feast. They practiced them for eight days. They did not practice them in the holy place called Yobagnar. This place, because it was holy, could be used only for the fiesta.

The holy place was a hard dirt floor with a fence around it. The fence was made of short posts set in the ground. Willow twigs were woven around the posts. They were woven until the fence was about three feet high. The holy place was a circle and had one opening.

They did not practice in this circle, but in another place which had been made for that purpose.

While the men practiced, the women gathered food. They would need a large amount to last the eight days of the feast.

When the eight days of practice were ended, they were ready to begin the feast.

The first day, the people rested while the wise men made the circle holy. They made it holy by marching around it so many

times, by saying certain words over it, and by walking back and forth in it, singing certain songs.

It took the wise men all day to make the circle a holy place.

The morning of the second day, the real feast began. All the people of the village came to the holy circle, and gathered around it.

It had been decorated for the feast. Four poles, ten feet long, had been set up. They were on the north, south, east, and west sides of the circle. On the top of each pole was a string with feathers fastened along it. The string of feathers floated out like a flag. The circle was decorated with feathers, too. The fence was nearly covered with them. They were stuck in, one at a time, or in bunches.

The men and boys who would dance went inside the circle. They had feathers of the eagle and the hawk in their hair and hanging around their necks and arms. They were painted in different colors all over their faces and bodies.

The women were not allowed to go in the circle. But the women singers sat down outside, around it.

Now the dancing began.

While the women chanted a long wailing song, the dancers moved about the circle. Each dancer tried to imitate a different animal. One dancer pretended he was a wildcat. He crept along softly and slyly as if he were slipping up on his prey. He gave fierce growls.

Another dancer imitated a coyote. He ran lightly and quietly over the ground. He threw back his head and howled.

At the end of each verse of the women's song the dancers all gave a deep hoarse growl like that of a bear.

During the performance, the women brought food and drink to the dancers. The dancers stopped for a few minutes to eat. Then they danced again.

They danced for six days and six nights, stopping only for food.

On the eighth day of the feast, the circle was decorated with even more feathers than before. The old women made ready even more food than before. Just at noon, they brought the food to the circle and gave it to the players and to all the people.

When they had eaten all they wanted, the people made ready for the last ceremony of the feast.

They dug a deep hole. They built a fire in it. They brought all the things that had belonged to their dead relatives.

There were stone knives and rabbit-fur robes and earrings and necklaces and baskets. There was even food.

There was a war club that had belonged to a great warrior. There were strings of shells that had belonged to a little girl. The mother cried when she brought them. There was a small bow and arrows that had belonged to a little boy.

The relatives threw them one by one into the hole where the fire was blazing. One of the wise men said magic words over the hole as he stirred up the fire.

While the things were being burned, money and baskets and

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seeds were thrown among the audience. The people scrambled for them.

When everything had been burned, the hole was filled up with earth. It was tramped down hard.

The feast for the dead was ended.



*Work Days in Yang Na*

There were many feast days for the people of Yang Na but most of their days were work days.

The men did not labor so hard or so long as the women did, but they, too, had their work. There were four things that only the men could do.

Only the men could make war. Often the women and children went along to war. They ran out into the field and picked up arrows that had been shot. But they could not fight.

Only men and boys danced the dances of their religion.

Only men could make the laws for the ranchería. The laws were made by the chief and a council of the oldest men.

Only the men could go hunting with bows and arrows. Hunting was always the most important job. They made ready for it by fasting and by painting their faces and bodies. Often they stung themselves all over with nettles before going on a hunt. They even opened their eyes and pushed in nettle leaves. They said that this would make them more watchful and clearer sighted.

Many times they lay down on hills of red ants just before a hunt. They put handfuls of the ants on their bodies and faces and especially around their eyes. Then they swallowed some live ones. This, they said, made them strong and able to endure pain.

While the men were hunting, they would not eat, and when they returned from a hunt, no man would eat of what he had

killed himself. He would not eat of it because he thought it would spoil his luck in hunting.

The men hunted different animals in different ways. If they were having a big rabbit hunt, they would burn off the grass and brush for a long way. The fire would drive out the rabbits and the Indians could shoot them.

The men who went out to hunt deer put deer heads and skins over their own heads. When they found a herd of deer, they would put their heads down as if eating and slowly come close to the deer. When they were quite near, they would shoot them.

The Indians sometimes caught wild ducks with a net. They would stretch a net just under the water in a pool. They would scatter bright colored seeds over the net. They would put a stuffed duck near. When the wild ducks flew over and saw what looked like a wild duck on the pool, they would settle down on it, too. They would dive for the seeds. And their heads would be caught in the net. The men could then wade out and pick up their ducks.

On the days that the men were not hunting they could lie under the trees and smoke or sleep. But for the women there were no days of rest.

The women did not have to clean house or wash dishes or clothing. They did not have to sew or scrub or sweep. They had to do none of these things. Yet they were always very busy. They were busy providing food for their families. Of course, the men helped by hunting and fishing. But the women had to clean and cook the animals the men brought in. The women also gathered and prepared all other food.

The Indians did not plant grains and vegetables. They lived only on the seeds and roots of wild grasses and plants. So, nearly always, the women had to wander far from home and search long and carefully to find food enough for the day.

The acorn was the most important food. The Indians used the porridge made from it as we use bread. The women gathered the acorns in the autumn and stored them in baskets higher than their heads. They took the acorns out during the winter as they needed them.

They made the acorns into food in this way. They took off the shells. Then they dried the nuts. When the nuts were very dry, the women put them into a stone made hollow like a bowl. They pounded them with another stone until they were ground into flour. The flour was coarse like cornmeal.

Even when the acorns had been pounded into meal, they could not be used for food. They were very bitter and anyone who ate them became ill. To take out the bitterness, the women put the meal in sieves of woven willow twigs lined with two inches of clean sand. They poured hot water over it. The water slowly oozed through the meal and the sand and out through the willow sieve. They poured on more water and more. The water took out all the bitterness and the meal that was left was good for food.

The women washed the sand from the meal. They cooked it in their soapstone pots. They cooked it until it was thick like porridge. When it was cold the Indians ate it, dipping it from the pot with their fingers.

Often for weeks or even for months, when the men had no luck in hunting and all the grasses were dry and brown, this acorn porridge was the Indians' only food.

In the summer the women gathered the seeds of *chía*, a wild grass. They roasted them and ground them into meal. They mixed the meal with cold water. It made a food something like gelatine. The Indians thought it very good and refreshing.

In the summer the women also gathered pepper grass and the tender stalks of wild sage. They gathered wild berries along the river. They dug up wild onions and the roots of many other plants.

*Islay* they liked better than any of these. *Islay* was a wild cherry that grew in the mountains. It was dark red, almost black. Its seed was very large. The women pounded it seed and all between stones and cooked it. When it was cooked, it looked like boiled beans.

The Indians ate all their food cold. They almost never used salt with it. They thought salt in their food would make their hair turn gray.

Along with gathering and preparing the food went another task. The women had to make something to carry their seeds and nuts in. They had to have something in which to carry water and to cook their food.

The women made baskets to carry their seeds and nuts in and to store them in. They wove the baskets of willow twigs or of rushes. Some were very coarse, and some were so fine and tight that they would hold water. If they wished them to hold water, however, they smeared them inside and out with tar.



The Indian women worked very hard to keep their families from starving.

Often the women wove beautiful patterns into their baskets. Sometimes they made the patterns in black and sometimes in colors. Often the pattern told a story. Those Indian women wove their baskets as we might paint a picture or write a poem.

The Indians of Yang Na did not make pottery. They used pots cut out of soapstone to cook their food in. The soapstone pots were made by the Indians of Catalina Island. The Indians of Yang Na traded food and shell money for them.

Besides making baskets, the women spun thread from nettles and made bags and nets and fishing lines of it. They made fish-hooks from bones or shells. They made knives of cane.

The Indian women did not need to sew or sweep or wash or houseclean, but they had to work very hard just to keep themselves and their families from starving.

*When the Spaniards Came to Yang Na*

When Portolá and his men, breaking the trail to Monterey, came to the river they called Porciúncula, they came upon "a good village . . . in this delightful place among the trees on the river." It was then that the Indians of Yang Na, for the first time in their lives, or in all the history of their people, saw a white man.

They were much afraid. The women ran to the brush and hid themselves. The men put out the fires in their huts. They thought these strange white creatures were gods. They were even more frightened when a Spaniard took out his tinderbox, struck a fire, and lighted a cigarette. They had never seen fire made in that way.

But when a soldier pointed his musket at a bird and killed it the Indians knew that the white men were not gods. The noise of the gun frightened the Indians. They could not understand it. But when they saw that the bird was dead, when they understood that the white man had taken life, they began to reason.

Their god was called Y-yo-ha-rivg-nain.

"Y-yo-ha-rivg-nain," they said, "means the giver of life. He could not take life away, as these men do."

They decided that Portolá and his people were "human beings of a nasty, white color, and having ugly blue eyes."

Because they did not hurt them and because they soon went away, the Indians did not dislike the white men. They called them *Chichinabros*, or people who could reason.

It was two years before the Indians saw another white man. This time two padres and some soldiers had come to found the mission of San Gabriel. There was no commander with this party, and the soldiers would not obey the padres. The soldiers were very cruel to the Indians. They lassoed them and dragged them about.

When the Indians tried to fight them, the soldiers killed their chief. They fastened his head on a pole over the mission gate.

Now the Indians began to hate the white men. They would not go near the mission. They hid in the hills when the soldiers rode out to look for them. They would not use the food the white men gave them.

One time the white men gave them a large amount of beans and corn. The Indians had never seen anything like it. They took it, but as soon as the white men were gone, they carried it all to the woods. They dug a hole and buried it.

Two little boys had come with them into the woods. They watched everything that happened very gravely.

Later those two boys often came to play at the place where the Indians had buried the white men's strange gifts.

One day as they played near that place, they noticed something new. All over the place where the gifts were buried, there were queer little plants.

The Indian boys looked at each other. They were frightened. They did not say a word, but they turned and ran toward their village as fast as they could go.

They burst into the village. They cried, "Come quickly. The white man's gifts are coming up from the grave!"



The people followed them to the forest. They found the place where the beans and corn had been buried. They saw the strange green plants growing over the grave of the beans and corn. They were afraid. The older people were as frightened as the boys had been. They asked their wise men what the strange plants could be.

The wise men were supposed to know everything. They always pretended to understand what happened, even if they did not understand at all.

The wise men looked at the plants for a long time. They shook their heads and muttered. Finally they said, "This is white witchcraft."

*Doña Victoria, Yang Na's Most Famous Daughter*

It is more than one hundred and twenty years ago that a little daughter was born to a chief of the Yang Na ranchería. Because she was his first daughter, she was called Manisar, which meant daughter of the chief, or princess.

Manisar's first bath was given to her by the oldest women of the ranchería. They bathed her in a large basket. Because she was a chief's daughter, they tasted the water in which she was bathed. Then the old women danced about the chief. They sang as they danced. In their songs they told how famous the child would become. They said she would do deeds worthy of a princess. They said she would long be remembered by her people and the people of the lodges far toward the rising sun.

The old women only half believed what they were singing. It was the custom to say those things whenever a child was born to a chief.

They would have been surprised if they had known how more than true their words would be. They could not know that the little Manisar would some day be famous, not only in the lodges of the Indian, but in the cities of the white man. They would never have believed that her story would be read in many countries and in many languages.

If Manisar had been born fifty years before, she would have grown up as her grandmother had in the ranchería of Yang Na. She would have learned to weave the lovely baskets that her people made. She would have gathered acorns and wild cherries

and grass seeds. She would have lived a simple and contented life in her tule hut beside the river.

But Manisar was born after the white man came. Her mother was a neophyte in San Gabriel Mission. Manisar could not live in Yang Na. She could not even live with her mother after she was eight years old. She went instead to live in the *monjería* with the other girls and young women, and she was no longer called Manisar. The padre at the mission gave her the name Victoria, when he christened her. She was called Victoria all the rest of her life.

In the *monjería* Victoria learned many things she would never have heard of if she had grown up in Yang Na. Doña Eulalia Pérez was her teacher. Doña Eulalia was a Spanish woman who lived at the mission and was in charge of all the women. She had been well educated herself and she taught the neophytes all she knew.

The little Indian girls who had Doña Eulalia for a teacher were better educated than most Spanish girls of that time.

Victoria learned to spin and weave and sew and embroider. She learned to cook and keep a house neat and clean. She learned to speak Spanish. She did not learn to read or write. At that time even the Spanish girls in the best families were not taught reading and writing.

Victoria at fourteen was a tall, dark girl, very straight and lovely. She had been a bright pupil, and she knew almost as much as Doña Eulalia herself about all the work of keeping house.



A tall dark girl, very straight and lovely

Soon after this, Victoria married a neophyte at the mission and they went to live in one of the adobes built about the mission square. They had two little children and were very busy and happy. But very soon the husband died and Victoria went back to Doña Eulalia in the *monjería*.

It was while she was living there that Hugo Reid came to San Gabriel. And it was not long after that they were married by the padre.

Don Hugo built a fine adobe house for Doña Victoria. They called it *Uva Espina*, the Gooseberry. It was two stories high, with walls four feet thick.

Don Hugo filled it with beautiful furniture from Europe. He went to Europe more than once on a trading ship, and he brought back beautiful things for Doña Victoria and the children. He brought strings of pearls, diamonds, silks, embroidered shawls, and *dulces*.

Doña Victoria had lovely gowns of silk and satin. She had many servants in her house. She had a rancho of her own. Her children had servants to take care of them.

Don Hugo taught the children English and Spanish and French. He taught them arithmetic and geography and history. Doña Victoria did not want them to study so much. She thought it was not good for them.

Guests began to come to the great adobe, *Uva Espina*. At first Don Hugo's friends would not go to see him. They said, "He probably lives in a tule hut with his Indian." But those who visited him soon found out that was not true.

An American friend who stayed with him for several weeks wrote, "We found him and Doña Victoria living very happily together." The friend said he was "surprised and delighted with the goodness and neatness of the housekeeping of the Indian wife. The beds which were furnished us to sleep upon were exquisitely neat, with coverlids of satin. The sheets and pillow cases were trimmed with lace and highly ornamented."

As the years went by, more visitors came to *Uva Espina*. Don Hugo's friends began to treat Doña Victoria as if she were one of them. His best friend, Don Abel Stearns, had married Arcadia Bandini. Doña Arcadia often visited Doña Victoria. She became at last *comadre* to her.

The Californians learned to love and respect this Indian woman. When they learned to know her, they thought she was charming. One who knew and loved her, wrote, "She had manners like a queen."

Americans who came to the pueblo long after she was dead were told about her. Her story was written and read in many lands.

So that is how the little Manisar of Yang Na grew up to be Doña Victoria, wife of Hugo Reid, the scholar. That is how she became a friend to the Californians and *comadre* to Doña Arcadia, the loveliest, richest, and most famous woman in California.

That is how she became famous, not only in the lodges of the Indian, but in the cities of the white man.



The ranhero and his family did not need to work.

## RANCHO

### *Rancho Tecate*

Below San Diego, on the most southern edge of our California, lay Tecate—a rancho of *la Frontera*.

Tecate was a very small rancho for early California, though it covered more than four thousand acres. Its herds and crops were not so large as many of the ranchos, and its land was not so beautiful or so fertile. Yet Rancho Tecate was known and spoken of by nearly every writer of early California. It was important because it was the home of Don Juan Bandini.

Don Juan has been called the first Spanish citizen of his day. For nearly forty years he was a citizen of California. He knew it when the flag of Spain was over it. He saw the flag of Mexico raised, and he was an honored citizen long after the Stars and Stripes were lifted over it. His children and his grandchildren were and are some of California's best known and most respected citizens. Very important American families today are proud to tell of American ancestors who came to California and made their names remembered. But they are prouder yet to say "My grandmother, my aunt, or cousin was a Bandini."

We do not know just when Tecate was given to Don Juan. But we know that in 1836 he and his family were living on it.

When Don Juan was given his rancho, he did just as every *ranchero* did. He bought or borrowed from the mission small herds of cattle and sheep and horses. He built a large adobe



house on a hill near a spring. He invited many Indian families to come and live on the rancho.

A *ranchero* did not pay his workers in money but he gave them food and clothing and homes. The Indians cared for the horses and cattle. They herded and sheared the sheep. They brought water in ditches for the gardens. The women did all the work of the house. They cooked and sewed and spun and swept. They took care of the *rancheros'* children. They told them Indian stories. The men taught them to ride. They often carried them on their shoulders.

Although the Indians were not paid, they were glad to stay on the ranchos. Their work was not hard. They had plenty of food, and they felt as if they belonged to the family. They always joined in the fiestas or parties the *ranchero* gave. He often taught them to play and sing. He was godfather to their children and he watched over them almost as he did over his own family. Many times he gave them land of their own.

There were many *visitadores* at Rancho Tecate. Everyone was welcome. No one was ever charged for food or lodging. Don Juan would have been insulted if anyone had offered to pay. Even strangers were begged to stay on and on.

A *visitador* was met at the gate by an Indian who took his horse and by another who led him to the house. If Don Juan knew him, he came to meet him and embraced him.

A room was always ready for the guest. It was clean and comfortable. Not all the furniture was fine, but the bed had a canopy of satin and spread and pillows of satin trimmed with

lace. Beside the bed was a table. On it always there was a pile of money covered with a napkin. The guest was supposed to take as much as he needed. No one ever counted the guest money to see how much was taken. That would have been very impolite.

Alfred Robinson was often a guest of Don Juan. He has written of one visit. He came, he said, to the rancho in the evening and he told Don Juan that he would go early the next morning. But in the morning there was a tap on his door. And there stood Don Juan smiling. "The horses have gone away," he said. Of course, Don Alfredo knew this was just Don Juan's way of asking him to stay longer, and he was glad to stay.

After an early breakfast of chocolate and *tortillas*, he rode out with Don Juan to see his herds. Then came *almuerzo*, or the regular breakfast of roasted beef, fried beans, tea or coffee, and *tortillas* of wheat.

In the afternoon Don Juan and all his family took their guest to see a rodeo held at a neighboring rancho. They returned to a dinner of broth thick with rice and *garbanzas* and cabbage. After the broth were soups made with vermicelli, *tallarines*, and dumplings. Next was *puchero*. *Puchero* was different meats and vegetables cooked together, with a sauce of green peppers, tomatoes, onions, parsley, and garlic. Of course, there were fried beans. At last there were *dulces* and fruits.

In the evening everyone danced and sang and played on violin or guitar. Torches were hung in the patio and they danced or talked on the veranda. They watched the Indians playing games and dancing about the fire.

So finally, happy, but not very tired, for no one had worked, they wandered off to bed. Tomorrow would be another day of just such pleasures, and the next day, and the next.

Don Juan and his family did not need to work on Rancho Tecate. There were always Indians to do all the work of the rancho. No one needed to hurry. Everyone did what he liked best all day long. The boys rode about the rancho. Perhaps they caught a deer or chased a bear in the hills. They practiced picking up coins from the ground as their horses galloped past them. They practiced with their *reatas*. They roped the calves and sheep that wandered near the house. They even roped the chickens and the proud old turkey gobbler.

The girls played house in the patio. They learned to sew and embroider. They played on their guitars. They learned to dance the *jarabe* and the *jota*. They tried the *bamba*. This was a very difficult dance. Only the most graceful women could do it. A glass of water was placed on the head. All through the long dance, while the dancer turned and bent this way and that, while she picked up handkerchiefs and laid them down again—through all the different movements the glass of water must stay unspilled on her head.

While the children played, the women talked in the patio and drank *cha* or ate *dulces*. The men rode or chatted on the veranda.

Thus the long warm days went by on Rancho Tecate.

## *Horses*

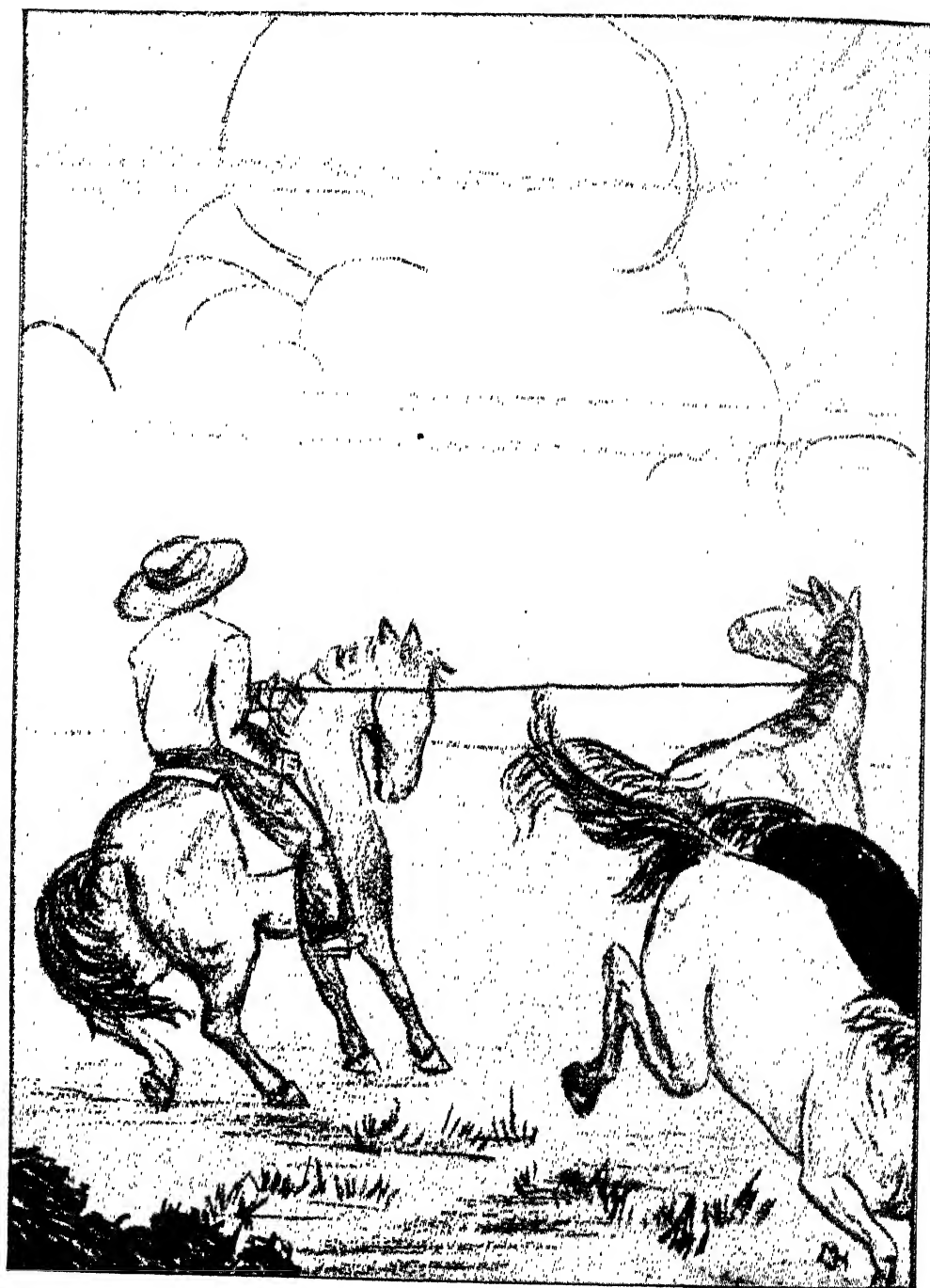
At Rancho Tecate horses were everywhere. They grazed in bands of fifty or more far out on the range. They thundered down a mountain trail with coyotes at their heels. They drank, one ear cocked for trouble, from the tree-shaded streams in the hills. They wandered in the fields, heads at one side, carefully sidestepping the *reata* trailing from their necks. They stood, heads dropped, tails switching, before the wide veranda of the rancho adobe.

The story of California in the beginning is the story of horses and of cattle. Without their cattle, the people would have had to live almost as the Indians did. But with cattle, they lived gaily, wanting nothing. Their cattle made them all gentlemen of ease and pleasure.

And the horses! A Californian without his horse, they tell us, was only half a man. But with his horse, he was the equal of three.

Away back in the beginning, when Portolá and his soldiers had camped that first time on Point Loma, there were perhaps not more than two hundred horses in all California. The Indians had no horses. They had never seen a horse until the Spaniards brought them. But from that first small band there had come to be thousands and thousands of horses belonging to mission and rancho. And there were uncounted thousands of wild horses. They ran free and unbroken in the valley of the *Tulares*.

Sometimes rancheros came to the valley when they needed



The ranchero would lasso the horse he wished.

more horses for their ranchos. Then there were wild races in the marsh land, and often a *vaquero* was thrown and crushed under the hoofs of the flying herds. The ranchero would lasso the horse he wished. He would throw him, blindfold him, saddle him, and ride him.

The horse was like something gone mad when he felt a rider on his back, but nearly always the ranchero rode him. To be thrown was a Californian's worst disgrace.

Usually there was plenty of food for horses and cattle, but in a dry year there was not enough. Then the rancheros would kill the wild horses to keep them from eating up all the grass. They wished to save it for their cattle. They could sell cowhides and tallow, but the wild horses were worth nothing.

After 1800, wild horses were killed by thousands. Sometimes the rancheros would kill them as they came out one by one through the door of a corral they had been driven into. Once a great herd was driven over a high cliff into the sea.

Yet the number of horses grew greater. It was not until the Indians learned how sweet horse meat was and began to kill the wild horses for food that the number of horses began to grow fewer.

The people depended so much on their horses that those they rode were like friends to them. They knew them and called them by name. The greatest honor one man could show another was to give him his favorite horse.

However, they did not take good care of even their best horses. They would ride them long and very hard. Sometimes they rode

them as much as one hundred miles in a day. At the end of the journey the horses might be tied and allowed to stand for a night or a day until they were wanted again.

But the California pony was strong and willing. No matter how he was treated, he was always anxious to go.

On a long trip a ranchero would take perhaps a dozen horses. He would take a *vaquero* to drive them. As soon as the horses the two men were riding were tired, the ranchero would order the *vaquero* to change the saddles to two other horses. In this way the ranchero could travel all day, never stopping to rest.

Horses were important in all early California sports. The Californian liked horse racing best and the *carrero del gallo* next. For this sport they would bury a rooster in the sand. They would bury all except his head. Then a horseman would race his horse by the rooster. Leaning down, as he passed, he would grab the rooster by the head. If he missed, the other riders laughed at him. They pulled him from his horse and dragged him about.

Another sport was to race a horse as fast as he could run, then suddenly stop him in the space of three or four feet.

One man at San Jose made a bet that he could start out at a gallop with a tray of glasses filled to the brim and run fifty yards, then stop suddenly and hand down the tray with not one drop spilled. He won his bet.

It was not strange that the Californians were such good riders. They began to ride when they were very young children. A boy was never more than four or five years old when he first rode alone. Often two good riders would go with him. One on each

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side, they would race over hill and valley. When they returned, the boy was already a *vaquero*.

When they had once learned to ride, they almost lived in the saddle. Very early in the morning they mounted their horses. Often they ate in the saddle, and only in the evening did they dismount.

Fiestas and weddings and funerals and fandangos and christenings—no one of them was complete for the Californian without his horse.



*Cattle*

## HOW THE HERDS BEGAN

When Portolá and Rivera first came to California, they brought four hundred cattle. These first cattle were divided between the missions of San Diego and San Carlos. Five years later Anza brought a larger herd when he led a band of settlers into upper California. While there were only a few hundred cattle in California at first, the padres took good care of them. For several years they did not kill them for food or for hides. Each year there were hundreds of calves, and the herds grew larger and larger. Fifty years after the first cattle were brought into California there were hundreds of thousands belonging to mission, presidio, pueblo, and rancho.

The missions had great herds at the time when new settlers were coming in and starting new ranchos. When a man was ready to start work on his rancho, he came to the padre for cattle. He did not buy them. He borrowed them. The padre lent him, perhaps, twelve. In a few years he had many cattle. Then he paid the padre back.

California was a good place to raise cattle. There were miles and miles of pasture land. The cattle grew fat in the winter on wild oats and burr clover, on alfalfa and sweet grass. In the spring, when the yuccas were in bud, they had something even better.

When a cow saw a yucca in bud, she would run for it. She would shut her eyes tight. Then she would slowly, carefully

poke her head into the long sharp needles. She would bite off the bud as far down as she could reach. Then she would walk on happily chewing the sweet stem.

In the summer there were no rains to keep the grass green. Then the cattle ate the dry brown grass. It was like hay.

There were springs and cool streams in the hills and mountains. There the cattle could drink, wade, or lie down under the trees if it was hot.

Their only troubles were coyotes and bears. Coyotes often dragged off calves. The bears would try to kill the grown cattle. But the cattle learned to fight them. Often it was the bear who was killed.

As soon as the herds were large enough, the people killed the cattle for food and for hides. They used the meat in a dozen ways. They used the hides in perhaps a hundred ways. Even the hair and hoofs and the horns they used. Soon it could be said that cattle made the home.

## CATTLE AND THE HOME

California was still very young. Her citizens were a little world to themselves. Everything they used they must make. During this time, before the trading ships brought new and lovely things from all the countries of the world, the cattle were more useful to the settlers than anything they owned. The cattle meant food for their table and beds to sleep on, chairs and stools and doors. They meant dishes and trumpets. They meant carts to ride in. Cattle gave the settlers boots for their feet and even hats for their heads.

As food the cattle meant to the people meat, milk, cheese, and butter. They did not, however, care very much for these. They almost never had butter. They almost never used cheese.

Meat they used in many ways. Much of it they cut in strips and dried. They did this because meat spoils quickly in a hot country when there is no ice. They liked fresh beef best. They would roast it on a stick over a fire outdoors or in an iron pan over a fire on the clay floor inside. When there were visitors at a rancho—and often there were fifty or more at one time—a fat bullock was killed and eaten every day.

Fat was used for cooking. It was also the settlers' only source of light. They used it sometimes as oil for lamps. Usually it was made into tall candles.

Pieces of fat that could not be used for anything else were thrown into a huge iron pot. When it was full, they would add lye from wood ashes. Then they would boil the mixture down. Soon there was a pot of very good soap.

Hides, or pieces of them, were used in every rancho, hacienda,

and pueblo. Nothing, it seemed, could ever be made or done without the help of hides.

Hides made the seats of chairs and stools. Sometimes they were stretched across in one piece. Sometimes they were cut into strips and woven into a seat. Hides were both mattress and springs for the beds. Often they were doors and again they were shutters for windows. Hides with the hair left on were good rugs.

Boots and shoes and sandals—all were made of hides. Someone has told of seeing very poor children in the pueblo of our Lady. Their only clothing was of calf skins. Hats were sometimes made of hides, but they were heavy and very stiff.

A saddle horse carried the skins of many cattle on his back. The saddle was a wooden frame covered with leather. Under the saddle was a leather blanket. The stirrups had leather shields that fell almost to the ground. Behind the saddle was a long leather bag in which the rider carried anything from food to clothing. At one side hung a leather bag for his musket. Over the rider's legs were leather pieces to protect him from thorns, and, if the rider were a soldier, there was an immense leather shield. It was made of three or four layers of hide. The bridle and reins, of course, were made of leather, and the *reata* that hung on every saddle was made of narrow strips of leather braided together.

Tree limbs were bound to the horns of the oxen with strips of leather. To these was fastened a *carreta* or a plow. Sometimes a *carreta* had a hide laid across the bottom and often a hide was used as a top to keep out sun and rain.

At harvest time grain was stored in leather bags.

Of course, these are not the only things that hides were used for. It seemed, in fact, that no matter what a man wanted in those days, he could make it from a hide.

The California cattle had long sharp horns, and the people did not waste them. Almost no one had silver knives and forks, but many people had some made of horn. The poor people and the Indians used a horn as a dish for *pinole* or *atole*. Often the horns were polished and made into trumpets. The noise they made was not sweet, but it was very loud.

Without cattle the early Californian might have lived, but his life was much more comfortable and happy because of the cattle, and later, when trading ships came, cattle gave him everything he had ever wished to have.

#### MILK AT THE FRONT DOOR

There were no bottles of milk left daily on the porches of pueblo or rancho adobes. There were none because, first, there were no dairies to bottle and deliver milk and, second, the people used very little. They had not learned to like it. Thousands and thousands of cattle wandered about the plains. Yet, for weeks perhaps, there was not a pint of milk in the house and no butter or cheese.

Old letters and diaries tell of a great famine at one time. These records say that the people were almost starving, although they could get milk and seeds. However, it does not seem so strange that they did not use much milk when we learn what they had to do to get it.

The cattle which the people owned were never kept in barns or fenced fields. They roamed about in great herds like wild things. If a housewife suddenly decided that she would have milk for breakfast, this is what was done to get it.

First, a *vaquero* dashed away to bring in a cow or two. He came galloping back with the cows running wildly in front of him. Their tails were straight up and stiff. Their eyes were rolling. They leaped over sage and brush in their way. Their calves were running at their sides. The calves bumped against their mothers. They tried to push under them first on one side and then on the other. The cows stumbled. They nearly fell. The *vaquero* shouted. The calves bawled in terror.

Straight up to the front door the *vaquero* drove the cows. Indians came running. The children flocked out to see the fun. The housewife brought teacups and bowls for the milk. For they had no pails. All the family and visitors lined up to watch.

First the Indians lassoed a cow. They tied her hind legs with the *reata*. One man held the *reata* and kept away the calf. Another man put his arm around the cow's neck and held her head fast. A third man milked. He held a teacup in one hand and milked with the other.

And so the housewife's milk was delivered at her door—warm and very fresh.

### *Rodeo*

It was April in the pueblo of San Diego. The *alcalde* called his people together with the beat of the drum. He said that the time for rodeo had come. He set the fifteenth of April as the day to begin.

At once *vaqueros* on swift horses galloped away to tell the *rancheros* the news. One rode toward Santa Ysabel, high in the mountains. He ran his horse up the steep trail where cool springs fed the racing mountain streams, where ferns and wild flowers clung between the rocks.

Another *vaquero* dashed away toward Santa Margarita y las Flores, the rancho of that gay young *caballero*, Pío Pico.

A third *vaquero* rode toward Rancho Tecate.

Each *vaquero* visited many ranchos. He told the *rancheros* when the rodeo would be held.

Everyone was excited. The women looked up their finest *rebozos*. They got out satin shoes and brightly colored skirts and fans.

The men looked over boots and sashes and *vicuña* hats. They polished their gold and silver mounted saddles.

At Rancho Tecate they were busier than they had been all year. The *vaqueros* rode out to round up the cattle and drive them toward San Diego. Don Juan made ready his finest embroidered and gold inlaid saddle. He called for his favorite horse.

On the morning of rodeo, Don Juan sat very straight and very graceful on his prancing horse. His wide hat was crusted with silver lace. His jacket was red velvet, with gold dollars for buttons. His long, tight trousers flaring from the knee were velvet, too, with gold buttons all down the side. The saddle on which he sat was black. It was embroidered with gold and silver threads and inlaid with flowers of gold. The leather blankets beneath it were bordered with cut-work and lined with red and yellow silks. The bridle was heavy with silver.

The suit Don Juan was wearing may have cost two or three thousand dollars at the trading ships. The saddle and bridle were worth perhaps two thousand dollars.

Of course, Don Juan would be a *Juez del Campo* at the rodeo. Each year the people chose a judge of the field. He gave all orders. He decided every quarrel. He was like a king for the days of the rodeo. The *Juez del Campo* was never paid for all his hard work. But it was a great honor to be chosen. Don Juan, of course, was often chosen. Was he not San Diego's first citizen? Was his not the best house in the pueblo? Was he not their best educated man, their most graceful dancer, and their finest rider? And more than that, was he not the kindest, most generous, and most beloved citizen in all San Diego, perhaps in all California? For in those early days a man like Don Juan was known in every mission, presidio, and pueblo from San Diego to Sonoma. He was not a citizen of one town alone. He was a citizen of all California.

As Don Juan rode away toward San Diego, Señora Bandini





It was evening before the procession came to San Diego.

and the children made ready to follow. They dressed in their finest, brightest clothing.

Out in the court the Indians were getting ready the *carreta*. They put soap on the axles so that the wheels would turn more easily. They stretched a hide across the top and fastened it at each corner. They brought pillows and blankets and put them over the hide-covered bed of the *carreta*. They fastened beautifully embroidered shawls over the top. The edges and the long fringes hung down and made a bright tent over the *carreta*.

Señora Bandini and the children and two old Indian nurses climbed into the *carreta*.

The Indians yoked the oxen to the *carreta*. They guided them out of the courtyard. Then everyone formed a line for the long journey to San Diego.

In front of the *carreta* rode gaily dressed *vaqueros*. The gold lace on their hats glittered in the sun. Their red, yellow, and green serapes fluttered in the wind. Beside the oxen ran an Indian with a long pole. He ran from one side to the other, prodding the oxen and guiding them down the dim trail to San Diego.

Behind the *carreta* rode more *vaqueros*, and behind the *vaqueros* was a long line of dogs. There were dogs of every color and size, barking and howling as they followed. For at Tecate, as at all ranchos, there were always hundreds of dogs who lived on the refuse from the weekly *matanza*.

It was evening before the procession came into San Diego, though it was not more than fifteen miles and they had started in the morning. On all sides they met just such processions from

other ranchos. There were soldiers, too, from the presidio. They sat very straight on their prancing horses. There were gay *caballeros* with their señoritas seated in the saddle before them. A broad band of ribbon had been looped over the horn of the saddle. In this, the señorita placed her foot as she rode sideways. Horses paced softly to the music of guitars. *Carretas* screeched and wailed. Dogs barked. Children laughed and cried. Over there a *vaquero* rode into town. His head was thrown back. His mouth was open as if to keep on his hat which was held by a yellow strap under his chin. And he sang some loud and merry song.

Houses all over town were overflowing with people.

At sunset there was a picnic on Point Loma. There were bonfires and fireworks and food enough for an army. There was dancing and singing. There was no need to hire musicians because all Californians played guitars or violins and they took turns furnishing the music.

The next morning the real business of rodeo began. Everyone gathered at the large corral that had been built for rodeos. The *vaqueros* began to bring in the cattle. They drove them toward the wide wings of the long corral. Often a wild young steer would break loose and race madly away. Then the *vaquero* had a chance to show his skill. He would dash after him, lean over and catch his tail, give it a quick twist, and the steer would be thrown to the ground. He would roll over in the dust, pawing wildly. By the time he was able to get on his feet, he was quiet and easy to handle.

While the cattle were in the corral, the *vaqueros* separated those

belonging to each rancho. They branded and ear-marked all the calves. The brand was put on with an iron shaped so that it would leave the mark of certain letters or a pattern. Each rancho had its own brand. It was listed in the *alcalde's* book of records. No one else could use it. The *vaquero* caught a calf by his leg and head. He threw him on his side. Another *vaquero* pressed the hot branding iron on his flesh. He kept it there until it burned deeply. When this burn had healed many weeks later, the mark of the iron was left and it never went away.

All day the *vaqueros* worked in the dust and noise of the corral. It was hard and dangerous work, but they did not mind. There were hundreds of watchers to cheer for them, and there were many chances to show how well they could ride. That night they would have another fandango, too. It was fiesta for them all.

Don Juan, *Juez del Campo*, rode about the field. He was called upon to settle many arguments. Sometimes two *vaqueros* quarreled over a calf. Each insisted that the calf belonged to his rancho. Don Juan would decide and they always took his word.

As Don Juan rode about from group to group, everyone bowed. Each man took off his hat and held it until Don Juan had passed. Once, in Los Angeles, a *Juez del Campo* beat a man because he did not keep his hat off until the *Juez* had passed.

So the days of rodeo passed. Each day was fiesta. Rodeo, of course, was a gathering-in of all the cattle from the ranges. But it was many other things besides. It was a picnic on Point Loma. It was meeting old friends. It was a bit of gossip and

*cha* for the women. It was a barbecue and a fandango until the next morning. It was color and dust and noise. It was grace and swiftness and bravery. It was California at its brightest and gayest.

### *A Little Vaquero's First Saddle*

On a rancho near Tecate there lived a little boy just six years old. Of course, he was by now a very good rider, and for a long time he had owned a fine fast horse. He rode the horse everywhere. He rode him bareback or with one of his father's saddles. He was prouder of his horse than of anything else he owned. But there was one thing he had wished for ever since he had owned his horse. That was a saddle of his own.

California fathers were very good to their children. They always tried to give them everything they wished for. So little Juan's father, without telling him anything about it, sent back to Mexico for a small saddle. The very day before rodeo, the saddle was brought to the rancho.

Juanito was surprised and so happy that he hugged the saddle. It was a beautiful saddle. It was made of bright red leather. On it was a design of flowers and leaves inlaid with gold. The blankets were of red leather with tooled borders. They were lined with yellow and blue silk. The stirrups were cut from a large block of wood. They were painted black.

There was a bridle, too. It was heavy with silver. There was a silver bit and reins of braided horsehair with rings of silver braided in.

All day Juanito stayed near his beautiful saddle. He could scarcely eat his meals. That night, which was the night before rodeo, Juanito insisted that he must sleep with the *vaqueros*. He was going to be sure to ride with them the next morning.

An old Indian went with him to take care of him. His beautiful saddle was hung just outside the *vaqueros*' brush house. Juanito ate supper with the *vaqueros* that night. Then the old Indian spread a blanket on the floor for him. After he had made sure that his saddle was safe, Juanito went to sleep.

The *vaqueros* did not sleep. They watched the thousands and thousands of cattle they had brought together—the cattle they would drive into San Diego for rodeo the next day.

It was twelve o'clock. Juanito was sleeping in his blanket. The old Indian was asleep near him. The *vaqueros* were smoking and singing softly. Some of the cattle were asleep and some were wandering about grazing quietly.

Clouds had been rolling up in the sky. The stars were put out one by one. There were low rumblings.

Now the cattle began to toss their heads and sniff. The *vaqueros* jumped on their horses. They rode from one group of cattle to another. They tried to keep them quiet and in their places. For they were afraid the cattle might stampede. With so many thousand cattle together that would be a terrible thing.

Suddenly there was a long sharp flash of lightning and a loud clap of thunder. The cattle stood still for a minute. Then they began to run. They ran any way. They bumped into each other. They bellowed. The dust was like a fog over the land. The sound of the thousands of feet was like thunder.

The *vaqueros* could do nothing with them. Some of the *vaqueros* were knocked from their horses and crushed under the feet of the cattle.

Down in the brush house the old Indian was awake. He heard a noise like thunder far away. He listened. The noise was growing louder. He went outside and listened.

Then he ran inside. He shook Juanito and cried, "The cattle, the cattle! A stampede!"

Juanito scarcely heard.

The old Indian picked him up. He ran outside with the boy and threw him on his horse. He cried, "Ride! Ride for your life." The Indian jumped on another horse. Away they raced.

It was well that Juanito had learned to be such a good rider. Many times he was nearly knocked from his horse as they raced through trees and brush.

Yet all the time the great black mass of cattle was coming nearer and nearer.

The old Indian cried out to Juanito, "Turn to the left." But Juanito heard nothing. The terrible roar of the cattle's feet drowned out every other sound. The Indian ran his horse close to Juanito's. He pushed the boy's horse more and more to the left.

At last they were safe. The great mass of the herd thundered to one side of them. Only the scattered cattle brushed against them in the dark.

The old Indian took Juanito home.

Of course, his family were glad to have him back safely. They wished to put him to bed and bring him warm things to drink. But Juanito would not go. He wished to do only one thing.





Here and there in the dust were tiny pieces of red leather.

He must go back to the *vaqueros*' brush house. Finally his father went with him.

It was morning when they rode up where the brush house had been. The clouds were gone and the sun was shining.

But where was the house?

There was not a wall left standing. The walls had been beaten into the ground by the flying feet of the cattle. The whole place looked as if a terrible storm had swept over it. The ground where grass had been was beaten hard and bare.

And the little red saddle! For that was what Juanito had come to see about. The little red saddle was gone. Here and there in the dust were tiny pieces of red leather. And one black stirrup was lying near.

Juanito had not cried when the cattle were thundering behind and he thought he might be crushed beneath their feet. But he cried now.

Long, long after, when he was a man, he told his children about that awful night. He still felt sad when he thought of it. But it was not the memory of the storm or the wild herd that made him sad. It was remembering how he found those tiny pieces of red leather in the dust.

*La Noche Buena*

Californians had so many saint days and holidays that they could have held fiesta almost every day if they had wished. There was Easter, when everyone was dressed in holiday attire. The men rode about visiting from house to house. And the women sat before their doors drinking *cha* and visiting.

There was the feast of Guadalupe, when they had bonfires and fireworks and dancing.

There was Judas day. It was much like our Halloween. The night before the people made an image of Judas Iscariot. The face always had a very long nose. They stuffed the image with straw and firecrackers. They hanged it on a cross-piece or tree. Then they went about playing tricks on people. Whatever happened that night, they said, "Judas did it."

The next morning they burned the image. The firecrackers inside made a fine noise. There was a procession after Judas had been burned. There were more fireworks and much shooting and loud shouting.

There was a day of Mexican Independence, too. On this holiday there were processions and flags flying and fireworks and *dulces* for the children. The band played. The soldiers marched. There was a bullfight in the plaza and a ball at night.

The week before Lent was a week of carnival. During this time there were dancing parties called cascarone balls. Cascarones were made with egg shells from which the egg had been removed. Through holes in the ends, the insides of the egg were blown

out. The egg shells were then filled with perfumed water or confetti. They were sealed with wax.

Before the days of carnival everyone made ready as many cascarones as he could. Then each person carried cascarones hidden in a pocket or sleeve. At the fandango, or even on the street, he would steal behind someone he knew. He would break the cascarone lightly over his friend's head, letting the perfume run out.

It was at this season, too, that they kept jars of paint, red and yellow and black and blue. They caught their friends and smeared their faces or hair with the paint.

But of all the holidays of all the year, they liked Christmas best, and especially they liked the night before—*La Noche Buena*.

Many times the Bandinis and their friends and the Indian workers must have celebrated *La Noche Buena* on Rancho Tecate. There were fireworks and feasting, of course, and always *La Pastorela*. *La Pastorela* was a play of the first Christmas night. It was played by Indians at the missions. On the ranchos and in the pueblos it was played by the young people of the most important families.

No one who was there has written for us the story of *La Noche Buena* on Rancho Tecate. But we have the story of a Christmas night in Don Juan's house in San Diego. And, of course, in rancho or town house, it was very much the same.

It was Christmas, 1838. Don Juan and his family were living in their large adobe house in San Diego. The Indians had raided Rancho Tecate the year before. They had driven off nearly

all the cattle. They had stolen the horses. They had burned everything that would burn and broken up what would not. The Bandinis were not at home when it happened. They were camping with the Alvarados and the Estudillos beside a stream on Rancho Tía Juana. They never went back to Tecate. The governor made Don Juan administrator of Mission San Gabriel and gave him three ranchos near Los Angeles.

So this Christmas night they were living in their mansion on the plaza. And all the important families were gathered there to see *La Pastorela*.

For weeks the young people and children had been rehearsing. Pío Pico was Bato, the chief shepherd. His sister, Ysidora, was a shepherdess. No doubt Arcadia Bandini was old enough to take a small part. Jacinto Rodríguez, who took the part of Bartolo, the funny, lazy shepherd, had gone down every day to the beach. He had practiced making terrible faces and frightful noises until a crowd of little boys who followed him were frightened and thought him mad.

Now, all in masks and costumes, they were coming into Don Juan's house. First there was the sound of guitars and violins. Then there was a low chant that grew louder and louder as the procession came into the room.

The shepherds and shepherdesses walked first in flower-crowned hats and with tall flower-trimmed crooks. They wore pink or blue breeches or skirts.

Behind the shepherds were *los diablos*. They wore strange and frightful masks. One had the head of a dog, one a goat, another a fierce tiger face. They carried swords and forks and whips.

Angels with great white wings and flower crowns were next. Last was an old, old hermit, with long white beard. He was dressed in a white robe, with a cord and rosary.

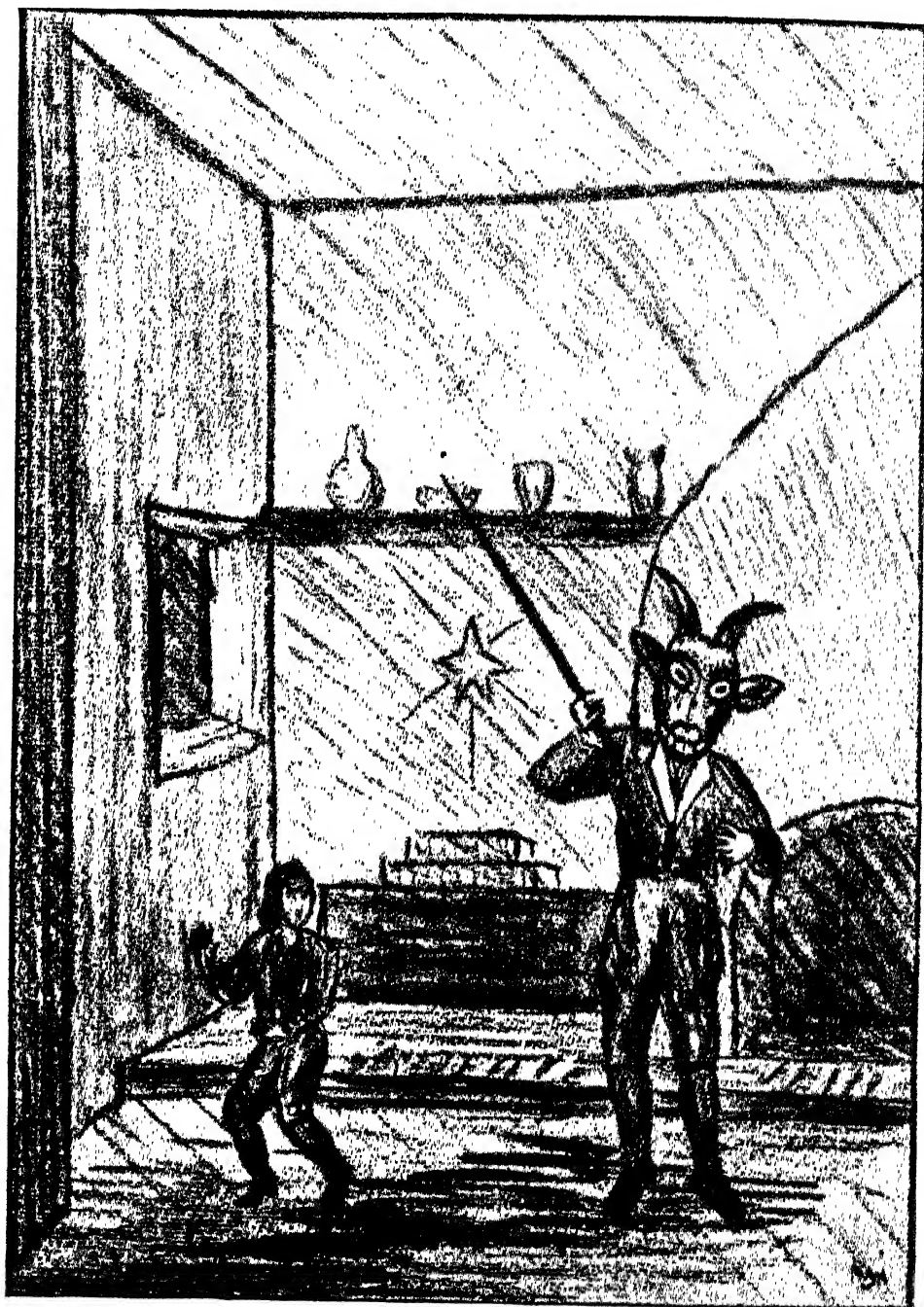
The players took their places about the room. The shepherds were at one end, asleep. The angels came to them and sang. They told them that Jesus was born in Bethlehem. The shepherds decided to go to Bethlehem. On the way they had many adventures. They met the hermit who decided to go with them. They met *los diablos* who ran about shouting at them and bobbing their terrible mask faces. All the children who were in the audience screamed and ran to their mothers when the *diablos* came toward them.

There were many funny scenes where Bartolo, the lazy shepherd, chased the *diablos* with his whip, and where he lay down on his blanket and went to sleep in the middle of the singing. But the funniest of all, the audience thought, were his quarrels with his wife, Gila.

At the last the shepherds all came safely to Bethlehem. This was an altar built at one end of the long room. Over the altar was a star. There was a manger, and in it an image of the baby Jesus. The shepherds each brought him a gift. One brought a ball, one brought fruit, and Bartolo brought a woolly white rabbit. Finally they sang a loud lullaby to the child and rocked it again to sleep.

It was a long, long play.

This play often lasted from early evening until morning. The songs were sometimes repeated two or three times. Sometimes



Children screamed and ran to their mothers when *los diablos* came toward them.

the players gave the whole play over again if the audience liked it very much.

When the play was finished, there was food for all. There were *buñuelos*, a kind of doughnut. Some of these were filled with cotton as a joke. There were dried fruits and cheese and *dulces*, and there were presents for the players.

Servants brought the food to the women, but the men ate at a table spread in another room.

Bartolo took handfuls of the *dulces* and threw them among the audience, and all the children scrambled for them.

So *La Noche Buena* ended. Only it was not the end. For many nights yet *La Pastorela* would be given. First to one house, then to another, the players would go. And they were never without the crowd of small boys who followed them each night and laughed and clapped for Bartolo and screamed when *los diablos* ran at them.





Five hundred acres of land were plowed and planted yearly at Petaluma Hacienda.

## HACIENDA

### *How a Bride Came to Petaluma Hacienda*

Five hundred miles north of Don Juan's Tecate rancho near San Diego was Petaluma Hacienda, north of San Francisco. Petaluma belonged to General Mariano Vallejo, a good friend of Don Juan and a very great man besides.

More than one hundred years ago a long bright procession rode over the long, long trail that lay between San Diego and Petaluma Hacienda. Ten soldiers were at its head. Their uniforms were new and very gay. Each soldier wore a black jacket faced with scarlet and a yellow vest bordered with black. Two sashes of red and blue *coleta* were around his waist. Around his neck was a spangled handkerchief. His short breeches were blue with gold buttons and gold lace at the knee. He wore yellow leggings, shoes *del berruchi*, and a wide, flat yellow *vicuña* hat.

At the end of the procession rode ten more soldiers in the same gay dress.

Between the groups of soldiers on a little gray donkey was a beautiful Spanish girl. A soldier held tight to the bridle of her donkey. All the long way from San Diego to Sonoma that soldier never, except at night, let go her donkey's bridle.

The story of that strange procession began two years before when Don Mariano Vallejo came to San Diego. Don Mariano was that same little boy who went to school in Monterey and long after wrote the story of the school for us. He was the same



A soldier held tight to the bridle of her donkey.

little boy, now grown a tall young man with a tuft of hair on either cheek. Already he was an officer in the army and a very important person in California.

While Don Mariano was in San Diego, he met the Señorita Francisca Carrillo. And very soon after he met her, he wrote to the viceroy of Mexico. He asked permission to marry Señorita María Francisca Felipe Benicia Carrillo, "a spinster of fifteen years of age."

There was a long, long time of waiting while slow ships and slower donkeys carried his letter to Mexico and brought back the viceroy's reply. It was more than a year and a half before Don Mariano received the letter which said he might be married.

At once he hurried to San Diego, where the presidio, pueblo, and mission were soon bustling about making ready for a wedding.

Soon merry *caballeros* were riding into town on their finest horses. They came from ranchos and pueblos near-by and from those fifty, a hundred, or even five hundred miles away.

*Carretas*, too, with their loads of women and children, were creaking on their trails to San Diego.

Arbors for dancing were put up at the Carrillos' house. They were roofed with branches, lined with cloth, and hung with ribbons and flowers. The ground was beaten smooth and bare beneath them. The arbors were put up because even the largest house would not hold all the people in the pueblo and the visitors from all over California.

Of course, everyone was expected to come. Invitations were not needed. Everyone, rich or poor, knew that he was welcome.

For three days and three nights it would be fiesta for them all.

Don Mariano brought beautiful presents for the Señorita Francisca. Like every California bridegroom, he gave his bride six each of everything she wore—six *rebozos*, six *mantillas*, six bright-colored jackets, six pairs of satin shoes. And he brought, besides, strings of pearls, jeweled earrings, ribbons, and carved beads.

Many lovely things were given to the señorita. Perhaps she liked best of all the great trunk of dresses her father gave her. Each dress was of silk or satin, and so crusted with embroidery it would almost stand alone. Each dress had cost not less than eighty or a hundred dollars at the trading ship.

It was a merry wedding Don Mariano and Francisca had, and the banquet after was gayer still. The governor was there, and all his officers. Don Juan Bandini, of course, was there. No doubt he danced. Everyone liked to watch Don Juan dance. If he did not come to a party, people asked about him. They wondered where he could be. They did not think anything from a christening to a fandango was complete unless Don Juan was there.

Everything was at its brightest and merriest at the wedding when suddenly the governor arose. He gave a toast to Doña Francisca. Then he turned to Don Mariano and told him he must go at once to fight the Indians near Sonoma, in the north.

Don Mariano was surprised and almost angry. But he was a good soldier. And he soon became a general.

That same morning he rode toward Sonoma.

Eight months later Don Mariano was still so busy he could not leave his new Sonoma presidio. And Doña Francisca was still in her father's house at San Diego. Don Mariano sent his brother, Salvador, with twenty soldiers to bring his wife from San Diego.

At first Francisca's parents said she could not go with them. It was too far, and Salvador too young to take care of her. Finally, however, they decided she should go.

The twenty soldiers mounted their twenty horses. Doña Francisca mounted her little gray donkey. And they set off toward Sonoma.

So that is why, a hundred years ago, that strange procession rode the trail.

It was the same old trail that Portolá and his starving, scurvy-bitten followers had cut out of the wilderness as they rode to find the long-lost port of Monterey.

It was the same trail Padre Serra's sandaled feet had followed on so many painful journeys.

It was the same trail Felipe de Neve rode to found a tiny pueblo in a far new land.

It was *el camino real*. But how different! The dim old trail was broader now. And it led no more through a wide, unpeopled land. It passed many missions on its way—many missions with orchards and green fields and running water. It passed pueblos with white adobe walls around the low adobe houses. It passed presidios and ranchos and haciendas. Herds of cattle and horses and sheep were grazing on every green hill beside it. Indians were

working the fields. *Vaqueros*, their bright serapes fluttering behind them, were galloping here and there. Portolá's old trail would never be lonely again.

It was a beautiful wedding trip for Doña Francisca. The people of San Diego had brought flowers and scattered them in the road before her when she left. All the way to Sonoma people from rancho and mission and pueblo came out to greet her. Often the travelers stopped at night at a mission. More often they camped beside a stream, and slept beneath the trees.

Thus it was that Doña Francisca Vallejo came to her home in the Valley of the Moon.

General Vallejo and his bride lived at first in one of the houses of the mission at Sonoma. As commander of the new Sonoma presidio, the general was very busy drilling his soldiers and building the presidio and keeping the Indians quiet on that far *frontera del norte*. Later the general took his bride to live in a great adobe house which he had built on his Petaluma hacienda.

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*Petaluma Hacienda*

In 1834 the governor gave General Vallejo a hundred and forty-six thousand acres of land just north of San Francisco Bay. The whole rancho was called Rancho Petaluma. But the name Petaluma was given more often to a hacienda that was a very small part of the rancho.

For his Petaluma hacienda General Vallejo built a large adobe house. It was called *Casa Grande*. Its walls were two and one-half feet thick and plastered inside and out. The house was one hundred and fifty-nine feet long. It was built with a patio where flowers and trees were planted. All along the front of the house was a wide veranda.

*Casa Grande* had so many rooms that the owner himself could scarcely have told their number. There was one room perhaps a hundred feet long, for dancing. There were many rooms for guests. There were rooms for Vallejo's sixteen children.

Often and often in the years that followed, the Petaluma adobe, *Casa Grande*, was gay with lights and children's voices. Its many rooms held often fifty or a hundred guests. Its hospitality was known all down the coast of California.

All the rooms of the *Casa Grande* had beautiful furniture brought on the trading ships from Spain and Italy and Boston. There were large carved beds with canopies of satin. There were tables of mahogany and sofas and long French mirrors.

A window and a door of each room opened on the veranda which ran around the patio. On this veranda, built against the



walls of the house, were adobe benches. Here the family and their guests spent most of their time. It was very pleasant to sit on the cool veranda and look out into the tree-shaded patio. There were vines and flowers and shrubs growing there, and at one side was a garden of vegetables for the kitchen. Water dripped and dripped in the stone fountain in the center of the patio. Birds sang in the trees, and far off, the Indians were singing at their work.

Besides the house for the family, there was a house for the servants. There was a large room for tools. There was another for milk and cheese, and there was one for tallow.

On the Petaluma hacienda there lived perhaps a thousand Indians. They did all the work of the hacienda. Fifty Indian women were servants at the house.

Someone asked Señora Vallejo how her family could find work for so many people. She said that each of her sixteen children had a servant, and she had two. These servants did not help with the housework. They stayed near the family and ran errands or did anything that they were asked to do.

Four or five Indians, she said, did nothing but grind corn for *tortillas*. For so many visitors came that three servants could not grind enough corn.

Six or seven Indians helped in the kitchen. Five or six were always washing clothes for the children or other house servants. Nearly a dozen were kept always sewing and spinning.

Each Indian on the hacienda had his own work. Those who cooked would not hear of washing clothes, and a washerwoman was insulted if she was asked to sew or spin.

There were three hundred Indian men who did the work of the farm. They plowed and planted and reaped. Sometimes they made fences for the gardens they had planted. They did not put in posts and stretch wire. Instead, they sat along the edges of the garden and made loud, harsh cries to keep away the animals. Even at night they sat there, singing and playing games.

All the Indians, Señora Vallejo said, were like members of her family. "They do not ask for money," she said, "nor do they have a fixed wage. We give them all they need. If they are ill, we care for them . . . If they have children, we stand as godparents. If they wish to go to visit relatives, we give them animals for their journey . . . We treat our servants as friends, not as servants."

The Indians called Señora Vallejo, Doña Francisca. General Vallejo they called Don Mariano.

There was one Indian who was not a servant, but who came often to General Vallejo's hacienda. This Indian was noticed and remembered by all the guests, and he was known and loved by all the children. He was Solano, the chief of the Suisun Indians.

Solano was six feet, seven inches tall, and very strong. His Indian name was Sum-yet-ho, which meant strong arm.

Platón, one of General Vallejo's sons, wrote, "I used to sit on his mighty shoulders when a boy, and the earth below seemed far away . . . My father looked on the Suisunes as the most interesting savages in the world . . . He always held Solano as a friend and equal."

There were many stories told about Solano. He could call, they said, a thousand plumed and painted Indians to fight for him or to fight for the man he called his white brother, General Vallejo.

There was a story of the time he tried to steal a Russian princess, and there was the story of how he landed the Sugar-maker waist deep in the water, down at Yerba Buena.

### *Sowing*

General Vallejo's Petaluma home was called a hacienda because the greater part of it was used for raising crops. Hacienda, to the Californians, meant a large or small farm.

A rich Californian had nearly always a rancho, a hacienda, and a house in the pueblo. Sometimes he had two or three of each. Often they were a hundred or more miles apart. The Californian lived in first one and then the other.

On each rancho or hacienda he kept a *mayordomo*. He was either Spanish or Mexican. He gave orders to the Indian workers. He made reports to the owner. He was given supplies each month for his rancho or hacienda. The owner's wife always looked after the supplies and gave them to the *mayordomo*. The supplies were kept in the great storehouse to which the señora had the key.

General Vallejo was the richest man in California. Of course, he had many ranchos and haciendas. But on the hacienda at Petaluma more acres of land were planted and larger crops raised than on any of the others. Perhaps more were raised than on any California hacienda of that time.

Five hundred acres of land were plowed and planted each year at Petaluma hacienda. All the plowing was done with oxen and the crooked tree-limb plows.

One Indian held and guided the plow. Another walked beside the oxen. He prodded them with a long pole and kept them walking in as straight a line as he could.



They scattered handfuls of wheat on the soft ground.

When the ground had been plowed, the Indians dragged huge branches of trees over it. This broke up the clods and made the ground smooth. Now they were ready to plant.

On the Petaluma hacienda there were large fields of wheat. Enough wheat to make flour for the family, the guests, and the thousand or more Indians. Enough was raised to sell some to the Russians also.

They planted the wheat in November or December. After the ground had been made smooth with the branches of trees, Indians walked up and down the field. They scattered handfuls of wheat on the soft ground. When the whole field was planted, they dragged the branches over it again to cover the seed.

Barley was planted in the same way.

Corn was planted in May or June. Long furrows were made through the fields. The corn was dropped in them, one or two grains at a time. Then branches were dragged over the furrows to cover them.

Peas and beans and squash and melons and chick-peas were planted at the same time and in the same way as the corn. There were separate fields for each.

Many of the fields had adobe fences around them. Often a row of cattle skulls with the horns still on topped the fences.

General Vallejo had fine fields of hemp and flax. These were planted as the wheat was.

When the crops began coming up, there was work for everyone. The women and children pulled weeds and hoed and frightened away the birds and animals.

The men plowed between the rows of corn and peas and beans. They brought water from the Petaluma creek and ran it in ditches through the fields. They brought water to the vineyards, too, and they plowed between the trees in the orchard.

Planting time was a busy time on the hacienda, but never so busy as harvest time.

### *Harvesting*

Almost any month of the summer or winter Indians could be seen in the fields. Some were planting, and some were reaping.

Beans and peas were picked at different times during the summer. The Indians put them in great piles in the field. Later they carried the harvest to the threshing floor. They beat the beans and peas with heavy sticks and then lifted them high in the air with wooden forks. As they fell, the wind blew away the straw and hulls. Last, the Indians gathered the beans and peas into leather bags and stored them.

The Indians gathered corn and stored it away without shelling it. They shelled it when they needed it during the year. For many years the corn and other grains were made into flour by crushing between stones. The Indians did this by hand. Later General Vallejo had an *arrastre*.

The *arrastre* was two large millstones, one on top of the other. The lower one did not turn. But the upper was fastened to a long beam, and a horse or mule pulled the beam round and round and so turned the top stone on the lower.

Corn was used in another way. The grains were soaked in water mixed with lime. This took off the hard shell. The grains were then washed in fresh water. This made very good hominy.

Harvesting the wheat was perhaps the most interesting task of all.

Large groups of Indians went into the field. They cut the wheat with small hand sickles and threw it into baskets. Men





The *vaqueros* drove the horses through the gate to the threshing field.

and women and children carried the baskets along until they were full. Then they emptied them into *carretas*. When the *carretas* were full, they were taken to the threshing floor.

The wheat was sometimes threshed like the beans, by beating it with sticks. An even slower way was for the Indians to rub the heads of the wheat between their hands and blow the chaff away. Nearly always, however, wheat was threshed by horses.

On General Vallejo's hacienda there was a large threshing floor. It was round and well fenced. There was one large gate. There was only the ground for a floor, but it had been watered and beaten until it was smooth and very hard.

When all the wheat had been stacked on the floor, several *vaqueros* galloped away toward the hills. They returned, driving before them a great herd of horses. Long before the horses arrived, the thunder of their feet could be heard. The children and many of the older people ran to watch.

With loud shouting and much snapping of their long whips, the *vaqueros* drove the horses through the gate to the threshing field. Then round and round they drove the horses, over the stacks of grain. The horses snorted and squealed. They ran against each other and into the fence. Some were knocked down.

Dust hung in a cloud over the field, and straw and chaff were tossed into the air by the feet of the frightened horses.

When at last the *vaqueros* let the horses through the gate, they raced out over the fields in one long line. Their ears were flat, their eyes wide with fear. Snorting and panting, they raced for the hills.

The threshing floor, as they left it, was covered with a mass of grain and straw and chaff. The Indians tossed this in the wind until the straw and chaff were blown away, and only grain was left.

Wheat threshed this way, the Californians said, was never cracked or broken. It always came out in whole grains.

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### *A Wash Day Picnic*

Guadalupe Vallejo was one of General Vallejo's sixteen children. She wrote many interesting stories of their life in town and on rancho and hacienda. No matter where they lived, they were always very happy. There were parties and fiestas and all kinds of holiday celebrations to attend. But better than all the parties and fiestas, and even the holidays, she said, they liked wash day.

Everyone had plenty of linens and clothing, so there was no need to wash each week. The soiled linens were kept for perhaps a month, and then the people had a big wash day at the river.

The day before was a busy one. The cooks hurried about getting food ready for the picnic. They packed it in large baskets.

The Indians soaped the wheels of the *carretas*. They gathered up all the soiled linens and made them into bundles.

Everyone was up before sunrise the next morning. The lunch baskets were put in the *carreta* and the oxen were yoked to the pole. The children and women climbed in. The old Indian guided the oxen toward the warm springs a few miles away.

The bundles of linen were fastened on the backs of horses. Servants led the horses along, and troops of Indian women who were to do the washing walked beside the *carreta*.

It was a slow journey. The children climbed in and out of the *carreta* as it went along. They picked wild flowers and played games. Often they heard the howl of coyotes and other wild animals.



They rubbed them on smooth rocks until they were very white.

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When they came to the springs, the Indian women unloaded the linen and carried it down to the water. The women waded out in the water. They spread the clothes on a rock and rubbed them with homemade soap. Then they dipped them in the spring and rubbed them on smooth rocks until they were very white. When the clothes were clean, the women spread them on bushes to dry.

While the women washed, the children ran races. They picked flowers and played games.

There was a picnic lunch at noon, and in the evening the men often rode over and joined them.

Then all went home together. The younger children were asleep in the *carreta*. The Indians sang hymns as they drove home the horses with their loads of clean white linen.

### *The First Shingled Roof*

*Casa Grande* did not have a tile roof. Neither did it have a tule, a dirt, or a tar roof. This was very strange. For never until this time had a California house been built with any other kind.

This is how it happened.

Americans were beginning to settle in California. They became Mexican citizens. Many of them married California girls. They asked the governor for land, settled down on rancho or hacienda, and lived as the Californians did.

George Yount, one of the Americans, came to Sonoma. He went to see General Vallejo.

"What can you do?" said Vallejo.

"Many things," said Yount.

"I do not want you to do many things. What one thing can you do that no one else does here?"

"I have seen no shingles in California," said Yount. "Your new house yonder is about ready for them. I can make shingles."

"What are shingles?" Vallejo asked.

Yount explained to him just how shingles were made. General Vallejo listened, but he could scarcely believe it. Finally, he said, "Very well. You shall make me some shingles and roof my house."

Yount set to work. He made the shingles and he laid the roof. It was a very good roof when he finished, and General

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Vallejo was very proud of it. It was the first shingled roof in all California.

General Vallejo asked Yount what he should give him.

"I should like some land in Napa Valley if you would lend me a few cattle so that I can start a herd," said Yount.

"How much land?" asked Vallejo.

"Half a league," Yount replied.

"You may not have half a league," said Vallejo. "We don't give half leagues here. You must take four leagues."

"I will take a league," said Yount. He knew that if he planted and cared for even one league, it would be a great deal of work. For that was a piece of land three miles square.

"You may have two leagues and nothing less," said Vallejo, and so it ended.



*How El Azucarero Came to Petaluma*

On one of the trading ships that came to California there was a lazy sailor, Octavio Custot. If that lazy old sailor had known how much work there was on a trading ship, he would never have sailed on one. No one had told him about the decks that had to be scoured and washed down every morning. No one had told him about the bad smelling hides he had to carry from *carreta* to boat and from boat to ship. He had not thought about the days when the ship would lie in port and he would have to help row the people from the shore to the ship and back again with their goods. If he had known how hard a sailor worked on a trading ship, he would never have hired himself out on one.

But after he had said that he would go and had taken the advance money, he could not leave. If he had run away, the captain of the ship would have sent men out to catch him. He would have been put in irons if he had been caught.

While Custot's ship lay in San Pedro, he had shore leave. Shore leave was often given to the sailors on Sunday. They dressed up in their best clothes. They rowed in to shore. Everyone was very happy and excited. They were going to see a new country and a new people. Custot hired a horse and saddle for the day. He wanted to see Los Angeles and some of the ranchos.

All day he was with the Californians. He thought, "This is the life for me. Here no one works except the Indians. Here one can sit in the shade all day and strum a guitar."

Custot was given his dinner at a rancho. The people there treated him as a friend. They said, "This house is yours."

Lazy old Octavio did not like to go to his ship that night. He would never have gone back to it if the sailors had not been with him. He knew they would tell the captain where he was and he would be caught.

In a few days the ship sailed for Monterey. All the way along the coast Octavio Custot swabbed decks and changed the sails and helped to tar the riggings.

The first mate bawled, "All hands on deck," and Custot rolled out of bed even if it was three o'clock in the morning. But he thought to himself, "If I were a Californian, I could lie in bed all day."

The mate called, "Haul down the topsail." And he climbed high above the ship and hung to the jerking mast with one hand. But he thought, "If I were a Californian, I could sit in the shade and sing."

Lazy Mr. Custot was very sure that he would make a good Californian, and when they stopped at Monterey, he had a chance to try it. He left the ship. No one knew he was gone until the ship was far out at sea. They did not go back for him.

Now, Custot was a Californian. He could sing or sleep as he wished. But he had no money. He had no food and he had no home. He might have worked and earned some. But he had not left the ship to hunt work. Instead, he went to Sonoma to find General Vallejo. Octavio had a plan. If it worked, life would be very easy for a year or two.

When he came before the general, he told him a strange tale.

"I see," said Custot, "that you have almost no sugar here."

"That is true," Vallejo said. "What little we have we get from Peru, and it is very expensive."

"Then I bring you good news," the lazy Frenchman said. "For, you see, I know the secret of making sugar from beets."

The general could hardly believe him. He had never heard of such a thing. But he thought, "There have come so many things to this land, and I did not believe many of them at first. Perhaps it is true."

To Custot he said, "But where can I get the beets?"

"We must grow them," said Custot.

"But I have no seeds," Vallejo told him.

"Send for some," the Frenchman said. "I do not mind waiting."

"I may as well take a chance," Vallejo thought.

He sent to Mazatlan for the seed. Of course, it took many months to get it and, while he waited, Custot was living as he thought a good Californian should.

Vallejo gave him forty acres of fertile land at his Petaluma hacienda.

He gave him a house and food. He gave him eight yoke of oxen and eight Indians to do the work.

Octavio Custot lay under a madroña tree and smoked. Indians guided the slow oxen up and down and up and down the fields. The crooked iron-shod tree limbs that were their first plows turned up the rich brown earth. The sharp, fresh smell of broken sage was in the air. The carpet of wild flowers that lay like a rainbow

on the ground was slowly magically rolled up. At last, as far as the lazy master could see, was new brown earth.

Winter had come and gone. The rains were over. Then the beet seeds were brought to him.

"These are good seeds," he decided. "Very good seeds. We should get fine sugar from these beets. But, of course, it is now too late to plant them. We must wait until the rains come again."

The general could do nothing. He could only wait.

Custot spent a pleasant summer and fall. He went to parties in Yerba Buena. They often lasted two or three days, and the food was always good. He visited at the ranchos. He went to horse races and bullfights and cockfights. He helped to bring a bear down from the mountains and watched it fight a bull. He saw his first rodeo.

Life in California was even better than he had hoped.

Then the rains came. The beet seed must be planted.

The Indians made furrows in the soft ground. They planted the seed in the furrows. They covered the seed and smoothed the ground with branches of trees.

The beets grew. They were large and very fine. Every few days the general rode down to see them.

He counted, "If I get so much sugar from each beet, then how much will I get from an acre? And forty acres will be how much?"

The beets were ripe. Vallejo wished to see how the sugar was made. But Custot said that was a secret.



Custot spent a pleasant summer and fall.

In August, however, just two years after the Sugar-maker had landed, he sent Vallejo a box of sugar.

It was the finest loaf sugar Vallejo had ever seen. He was delighted. He said, "I will have a million acres set to beets. I will become richer than anyone has ever been before."

His wife said, "It is as good as my finest Peruvian sugar."

She and an Indian took the box to the store room to put it away. They put it with the other boxes that had come by ship from Peru.

But something was wrong. A box was missing. They looked again. Yes, a box of her best Peruvian sugar was gone.

They ran back to the house.

"I knew all along that Octavio was a thief," cried the general's lady.

Vallejo sprang on his horse. He raced to Petaluma. He said, "I have come to see how you make sugar from beets."

"It will not bear too much light," said the frightened Octavio.

"No," said Vallejo, "nor you."

The angry general ordered the Indian chief, Solano, to run him off the place.

Solano obeyed. He landed him waist deep in the water down at Yerba Buena. And there he left Octavio who was ever after called *el Azucarero*, the "sugar-maker," because he could not make sugar.



Dolores—the mission for our father San Francisco

## PUERTO

### *For Our Father, Saint Francis*

"Is there then to be no mission for our padre, San Francisco?" Padre Serra asked Gálvez on that day long ago when they were packing for the journey to Monterey. Gálvez answered, "If San Francisco wants a mission, let him cause his port to be discovered."

Padre Serra and Gálvez finished packing. Then Portolá and Serra and the two companies of soldiers set out for Monterey.

We remember that they came to San Diego. From there Portolá, with all the soldiers who were able, set out to look for Monterey. We remember, too, how they came to Monterey, but did not know it. There, on the very shores of the bay they looked for, they waited for three days. No one knew what to do. Their food was almost gone. Many of the men were ill. They feared to go on and they feared to go back.

Finally Portolá called them all together. He told them how little food there was. He told them that many dangers lay in the way. He asked them what they wished to do. Everyone said, "We must go on."

For three days more they rested beside the bay of Monterey. Then they pushed north again. They cut their way through a wilderness where white men had never been.

That journey, that we could make in perhaps three hours, took them twenty-three days. Each day more were sick. All were tired and hungry and without hope.



On the twenty-fourth morning they came upon steep hills. Slowly, wearily, they climbed them. Suddenly there lay before them a port. They stopped. They looked at each other. They looked again at the port. To the west they saw the white Farallone Islands. On the north were white cliffs. Northeast was the mouth of an estuary. "At sight of these landmarks," Padre Crespí wrote, "we came to recognize this port. It is that of our father San Francisco."

Padre Crespí was right. They were looking at the Gulf of the Farallones and the port at its northern end they then called San Francisco. But today we call it Drake's Bay.

The men went down the hill. They made camp in the center of a little valley. Not far from the camp was a ranchería of "very gentle Indians." The Indians visited them. They brought them some "tamales made of black seeds."

When the men had eaten and rested, they talked. They said, "Surely, now, our father San Francisco has caused his port to be discovered." But some doubted. "We have not yet come to Monterey," they said. "Then how can this be the *puerto* San Francisco?"

Portolá ordered Sergeant Ortega to go on ahead and to survey the port below Point Reyes and in three days to return again. Ortega started north with eight men. On the morning of the first day they came to a steep hill. They climbed it. They looked down and saw, "an immense arm of the sea, which extended into the land south eastward as far as the eye could reach."

There for the first time white men looked down on California's greatest port—our San Francisco Bay.

They rode farther. They looked down on the bay from what we call Fort Point and from Telegraph Hill. They saw the shores of what are now Alameda and Oakland and Berkeley. Ortega and his men walked over ground which is now the streets of our great city of San Francisco. But they could go no farther. They could not cross the waters of the Golden Gate, and they could not go around.

On the evening of the third day they returned to Portolá. They told him about the great arm of the sea. They said that no one could go around it.

While Ortega and the soldiers were gone, other soldiers had gone out to hunt deer. They too had seen the great arm of the sea. They too returned and told Portolá about it.

Now Portolá and all his men talked it over. They decided that they would try to go around this arm. The whole company set out. Soon Portolá and all his company saw San Francisco Bay.

They did not think when they looked at it that some day ships of all the world would sail through the narrow gate into its sheltered waters. They did not think that some day great cities would crowd close about its shores. They only knew that here was a great new port. But it was too large and they were too tired to explore it.

After four days they turned again toward Monterey. But they carried back to Mexico and all the world the news that San Francisco had indeed caused his port to be discovered.



Herds of deer fed on the grass of the plain.

### *The Indians' Story*

The Indians who lived on the shores of San Francisco Bay told a strange story of that bay's beginnings. To them it was an old, old story. It was a story that fathers had told their children perhaps for hundreds of years.

Long, long ago, they said, their fathers lived on a great fertile plain. Three rivers ran through the plain and watered it. These rivers emptied into the Pacific. Trees and flowers grew on the plain. Herds of deer and antelope fed on the grass there. Flocks of ducks splashed and swam in the rivers, and fish were thick in the waters.

Their fathers, the Indians said, grew fat and healthy, for they hunted the deer and trapped the ducks. No one was ever hungry over all that grassy plain.

But one day a strange and terrible thing happened. The earth began to shake. Great waves ran through the land as if it were water. Suddenly the land, all that wide and fertile plain, began to sink. It sank lower and lower. Soon the plain became a deep valley. Its edges were rough and uneven.

The Indians ran this way and that in terror. Many hid in their huts. Some tried to climb out of the valley on to higher ground.

Then, from the side next the ocean, there came a roar. The ground lifted and with a terrible crash it split.

Fast and faster the sea rushed in through the crack. The water covered the grass and the flowers. It crept above the Indians'

huts. Slowly now it rose. At last the tops of the tallest trees were covered.

The few Indians who had escaped were watching from the hills. They looked down on what was once a green and grassy plain. Now all was water. As far as the eye could reach, the sea was stretched. It formed a landlocked bay—our San Francisco Bay.

*The Pirate Who Became a Knight*

Always, when people think of the beginnings of the port of San Francisco, they think also of a very famous pirate.

Strangely enough, this famous pirate never saw the waters of that great harbor. His ship never touched its shore. But for many years everyone believed that he landed there, and indeed he was not far from it. We know now that his ship lay for more than a month in the bay to the north which is named for him.

Francis Drake was an English sailor. From the time he was a very young man, he had sailed on many different ships. He had become well-known in England because he had helped to find a new way to the West Indies, and because he captured many Spanish ships and carried home much treasure.

England and Spain were not at war. But neither nation trusted the other. Often sailors of both countries looted and sank ships belonging to the other.

It was about thirty years after Cabrillo had found our California that Drake decided to explore the new world. He started out with five ships. All his ships were richly furnished. "The vessels for his table, yea, many belonging even to the cooke room being of pure silver." He carried on his own ship "expert musitians." He wore uniforms of velvet and fine satin. He had "dainties and perfumed waters."

Many people think that Drake set out on this expedition for only one reason. They think he was a bold pirate setting out to



Sir Francis Drake—the pirate who became a knight

loot more ships. Some say that Elizabeth, the queen of England, sent him "to anoy the king of Spain" by plundering his ships.

But Drake said that he went "more for another purpose than that of taking ships." He said that he went to find new land for England.

In 1577 the five ships set out from England. In 1580 one ship returned. During those two and a half years, Drake had many fine adventures. He and his men told, when they returned, strange stories of the new lands they had visited. In one country, they said, there lived a new race of people. These people had only one arm and one leg and one eye!

As they sailed along, Drake made calls upon many Spanish cities of the South American coast. He fell upon them with shouts and guns and slashing swords. He carried off their gold. He stripped them of their jewels. Long, long after, the people of the country remembered the "English devils." They trembled when they thought of them. When their children were naughty, they said to them, "Be careful or Drake will get you."

Drake had been sailing more than a year when he came upon the Spanish galleon. Since he had left London, he had sailed along the coast of Africa and along the eastern coast of South America. He had rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and he had followed the western coast of South America northward. Here he had sailed into the path of the galleon.

The Spanish galleon was a treasure ship. It sailed from the Philippines to Acapulco. It carried all that was rich and rare in those islands and the countries of the east. Its holds were packed



with gold and silver bars "of the bignes of bricke bats." There were chests of pearls and coral and amber. There were spices and strange nuts and fruits. There were silks and wonderful carved ivories.

Drake and his men fell upon the galleon. They boarded it and cut down the crew with their swords. They loaded their ship with the treasures.

They were so loaded now with treasure that the ship could scarcely labor through the waves. Seams were opening in it. Drake knew that he must put into a harbor for repairs. He anchored in the bay which is now named for him.

Drake stayed in the bay for more than a month and explored the land about it. He carried home many strange tales of the Indians who lived there. He told how the Indian king of that country came to visit him. In front of the king walked a man carrying a stick. On the stick were two crowns and three long chains. The crowns were nets with feathers fastened in them. The chains were of bones.

Drake said that the king was handsome and tall. He was dressed in skins. His people followed him. They were decorated with paints of many colors.

The man who carried the crowns made a speech. He spoke for half an hour. Then he began to sing and dance. The king and all his people began to sing and dance too. They came close about Drake. The king took off his crown of feathers. He put it on Drake's head. Drake thought that he gave him all his kingdom. He accepted it for Queen Elizabeth.

Before he left the port, Drake named it New Albion. He set up "a plate of brasse, fast nailed to a great and firme post." On the plate was engraved the queen's name and the date. There was also the queen's picture "in a piece of sixpence, currant English monie, shewing itself by a hole made of purpose through the plate."

Only a few years ago this "plate of brasse" was found by some people who went for a picnic in Marin County.

Drake sailed back to England. Two years and ten months after he left it, he came again to Plymouth harbor, and all the bells of England rang for him. He was the first captain to take his ship around the world. He brought the east's most precious treasures. And he brought a kingdom in the new world for his queen.

Queen Elizabeth herself came aboard his ship. She admired the strange and costly trappings there. Before she left the ship she asked Francis Drake for his sword. Then, while he knelt, she tapped his shoulder with the sword. She said, "Rise, Sir Knight."

The pirate had become a knight—Sir Francis Drake.

*A New Camino Real*

Bucareli, who was now the viceroy of Mexico, was worried. He was worried about the new bay of San Francisco which Portolá had found. Bucareli had just heard that the Russians were making settlements nearer and nearer California. He was afraid that the Russians would seize this wonderful new bay. From there they might go on and take all California.

Bucareli knew how easy it would be for any people to take California. He knew how few settlements there were and how far apart they were. He knew that there were not enough soldiers to protect the little settlements, and certainly not enough to hold the whole country for the king.

There must be a presidio and two missions on San Francisco Bay, Bucareli decided. He gave orders to establish them. But he wondered how it could be done. He knew that the seven little settlements already in California were almost starved. There were only two small ships to carry food to them from Mexico. Sometimes it took nine months for a ship to make the round trip. No one wished to make the trip. Always the sailors were ill with scurvy. The passengers were so storm-beaten and seasick they wished never to make another trip.

The viceroy wondered how the two ships could carry food to three more settlements. He wished that there were a way to send people and food by land. A road from Sonora to Monterey had often been talked about. But nearly everyone thought it was impossible.

While Bucareli thought of all these things, a letter was brought to him. The letter was from Juan Bautista de Anza. Anza was captain of the presidio of Tubac. For many years he had held this far Sonora frontier for his king. He was known all over Mexico as a very brave and wise leader.

In his letter, Anza begged Bucareli to let him open a road from Sonora to Monterey. He told Bucareli stories the Indians had told him. These stories showed that the Indians were able to make this trip. Surely, Anza said, the Spaniards could do it if the Indians could.

Anza told also about Padre Garces. He said that the padre had explored much of the great desert beyond the Colorado River. Garces was sure, said Anza, that the trip could be made.

Anza asked the viceroy to let him take twenty or thirty men from his own company at Tubac. He asked particularly that Padre Garces should be sent along.

When Bucareli read Anza's letter, he was interested and very much pleased. This seemed an answer to his problems. But the viceroy could not send a company of soldiers on this long, long journey into unknown deserts without more investigation. He asked advice from many people. He wrote to King Carlos. He asked Costansó who had gone with Portolá on the trip down the coast of California. He called the Council of War.

Some of the people were for the plan. Some thought it too dangerous. Bucareli could not decide.

Then Padre Serra came to Mexico City. At once Bucareli asked him about the plan. Padre Serra was very anxious for a

mission to be founded at San Francisco. He thought this trip might make it possible. He told Bucareli that he thought it was a very good idea.

Bucareli said that he would wait no longer. He said Padre Serra knew California better than anyone. If he thought that the trip could be made, it could be.

At last Anza received word to go.

Of course, there were many preparations to make before they could set out. Anza had to gather horses and mules and supplies for the trip. The viceroy sent word to the governors of the provinces that they must give Anza whatever he wished.

Everything was going very well. The country's best horses and mules had been gathered ready for the journey. In just two weeks more Anza and Garces and their company would set out. They were excited and very happy. But that night a band of Apache Indians swooped down on their herd. They drove off one hundred and thirty of the finest animals.

The Apaches would have many good meals of sweet horse-flesh. But Anza and Garces must wait for several more weeks to find other animals.

At last, however, all was ready. Almost two years after Anza wrote his letter to the viceroy, he set out on that long and dangerous journey to California.

Anza and Garces kept diaries of their journey. In these diaries we can read of all their adventures. We can follow them from Tubac to Altar; from Altar to Caborca; from Caborca to Sonoita, and at last to Yuma.

At Yuma, the Indian chief, Palma, met them. He and his people made speeches. They sang and danced. They examined the baggage of the company. They felt of the white men's clothing. They pulled at the bright buttons. For two nights the Indians made such a din about the camp that no one could sleep. Anza's company could scarcely get anything to eat because the curious Indians crowded around and put their fingers into everything.

The Indians, however, were also of much help to Anza. When he and his company crossed the Colorado and Gila rivers, five or six hundred of the Indians threw themselves into the water. They swam and pushed the rafts carrying supplies. They took much of the baggage over on their heads. The Indians brought food to the Spaniards. Some of the Indians followed Anza's company for miles. They carried baggage. They pointed out the trail. They laughed and talked. They begged the white men to come and live with them.

So far the trail had been good. But now Anza was in the great Colorado desert. All the Indians had turned back. There was no trail to follow. On every side were shifting sand dunes. There was no water. There was no pasturage for the stock. The sun blazed down on the men and the hot wind blew sand into their faces.

For many days they wandered in the desert, and a great number of their horses and mules died.

At last they found a way around the terrible sand dunes. They came to the San Jacinto Mountains where they found water and grass. From there the march was easy.

Two months and a half after they left Tubac, Anza and his men came to San Gabriel Mission. The padres rang the mission bells. They sang mass. They asked questions about the trip.

Anza stayed only a few days. Then he rode on to Monterey.

Two months later, he and all his company were again in Tubac. The new *camino real* from Sonora to the sea had been opened.

### *The First Ship Through the Golden Gate*

Ever since Bucareli had learned from Portolá about San Francisco Bay, he had wished to have it explored. He said, "We must explore this port that lies so far to the north. We must settle it and hold it for our king."

In 1770 he sent word to Fages, the commander at Monterey, to "go at once and explore that port." But Fages was very busy. To take care of all California, there was only he and Rivera and forty-one soldiers. Not until two years later did he obey the viceroy's orders.

In 1772, with twelve soldiers and Padre Crespi, Fages set out for the San Francisco *puerto*. They found it easily. They followed its shore line to the east and north. They passed what is now Alameda, Oakland, Berkeley, and Martinez, and they came to Antioch. They wished to go to Point Reyes. But they decided that it was not possible. They had no boats, and with only the tule rafts of the Indians they could not cross the great rivers that entered the bay. So Fages returned to Monterey and reported to the viceroy.

For another year the port lay unvisited by white men. Then the viceroy sent word to Rivera to go and chart its shores. He obeyed, but soon after he arrived, great storms arose, and Rivera returned to Monterey.

Many white men now had looked upon the new port. They had followed its tree-grown shores. They had marveled at the reach of its waters which stretched "farther than the eye could





Many of the women cried as the huge company moved forward.

see." Many white men had looked upon it from the shore. But still no white man's ship had ever felt its way through the narrow gate, or sheltered in its quiet waters.

In 1775 three ships set sail from San Blas. One of the ships was the packet, *San Carlos*. It was the old packet boat that had brought a part of the first expedition from Mexico to the shores of California.

Now, the *San Carlos* was commanded by Juan Manuel de Ayala. The other two ships were ordered to sail north farther than any had gone before. But Ayala in the *San Carlos* was ordered to survey the port of San Francisco.

For forty days Ayala fought against a heavy wind. His ship was driven slowly south. It was nearly three months before he reached Cape San Lucas. From there the winds were fair, and he came to Monterey.

While Ayala's ship lay at Monterey, he made a canoe from a large redwood tree. He would use this canoe and a launch that the ship carried to explore the San Francisco harbor. Ayala repaired his storm-beaten ship. Then he took on wood and water and set sail again for San Francisco.

On the evening of August 5, 1775, Ayala and his company caught sight of the harbor entrance. It was growing dark and they feared to enter the uncharted waters. So all night the ship rode near the entrance.

At eight o'clock the next morning, they lowered the launch. The crew took the little launch quickly through the gate and into the harbor. They went to find an anchorage for the ship.

At nine o'clock the *San Carlos* would have tried the gate. But now the tide was running out, and it pushed the ship back to sea.

At eleven the tide turned. The ship drew near the entrance. It waited for the launch to come out and guide it through. But now the tide was running in so strongly that the launch could not come out against it.

All afternoon they waited. Night was coming on. The ship must find an anchorage. Ayala turned it toward the Golden Gate. Swiftly the tide carried it into the rock lined inlet. The gate seemed very narrow to the commander. He feared that it was also shallow. Every minute he expected to hear a crash and feel the grind of his ship on a rock.

But the *San Carlos* floated smoothly on the swift tide. When they were half way through the entrance, the men let down a line. On the line was a twenty-pound lead. They let down the line a hundred feet. It did not touch bottom. They let it down three hundred feet, and still it did not touch.

Now they were through the gate. They rode into the harbor. At ten-thirty the *San Carlos* cast anchor in San Francisco Bay—the first ship ever to lie there where the world's finest soon would come.

The next morning the launch came over to the ship. The *piloto* said that he did not come out to guide the ship because of the tide. Ayala sent him to explore the little bay now called Richardson's Bay. Ayala named it *Ensenada de la Carmelita* because there was a rock in it that looked like a Carmelite nun.

While they were exploring, Indians came from a *ranchería*

near-by. They paddled swiftly on their tule rafts. By signs they asked the white men to come and visit them. These Indians were tall. They were "bearded and of very light complexions."

For more than forty days Ayala was anchored in the port. He explored and named the points and islands and all the bays that joined the port. Of all the names he gave, we have kept but two—Angel Island and Alcatraz. Ayala called Alcatraz, *Isla de Alcatraces*, because there he saw so many *alcatraces* or pelicans.

On September 18, Ayala left the port of San Francisco. He sailed out through the Golden Gate and came again to Monterey and to San Blas.

Ayala made his report to the viceroy. He wrote, "The said bay is a good port . . . There is no scarcity of good water, wood, and stone for ballast. Its climate, though cold, is entirely healthful, and free from the annoying daily fogs experienced at Monterey." He added, "It is not one port, but many, with a single entrance."



The *San Carlos* floated smoothly on the smooth tide.

### *Settlers for San Francisco*

Bucareli was pleased with the explorations at San Francisco Bay. He was very happy to know that Spain had so fine a harbor. More than ever, Bucareli was determined to settle this port.

Bucareli sent for Anza. When Anza came to Mexico City, the viceroy gave him a document from the king. The document made Anza a lieutenant-colonel in the king's army. Anza's faithful soldiers, Bucareli said, were to receive extra pay for as long as they lived.

Anza told Bucareli about his trip. He said that the road was long but not too hard. He thought even ox carts could be taken over it.

The viceroy listened to Anza's story. He told him how pleased he was with all he had done. Then Bucareli told Anza of a new plan he had made. He said that a settlement must be made at San Francisco Bay. He asked Anza if he would lead the settlers to San Francisco over the new *camino real*.

Anza was delighted to be chosen. He was very glad to do this service for his king.

Bucareli and Anza talked over the new expedition. They decided that Anza should choose the officers and soldiers. He was also to find the colonists for San Francisco. They decided that they would find thirty men and their families for this new settlement.

Most of the colonists Anza took with him were from Sinaloa.

For each one the king furnished a complete outfit from "shoes to ribbons." Each man received a salary. His pay began as soon as he said that he would go.

Bucareli and Anza and Garces all helped make preparations for the trip. Everyone was very busy and excited. But it was almost a year after he decided to go that Anza said all was ready.

In the company that was gathered at Tubac, there were two hundred and forty people. One hundred and thirty-six of these people intended to live in San Francisco. The others were soldiers and Indians whom Anza needed for the trip.

Anza had gathered nearly a thousand animals. There were one hundred and twenty pack mules to carry the supplies. There were three hundred and forty saddle animals. Three hundred and two cattle he took for meat along the way and to stock the new settlements in California.

That was a long and colorful procession that set out from Tubac on an afternoon long ago. Many of the women cried as the huge company moved forward. They wished to go, but they did not know what dangers awaited them on the long, long road to San Francisco.

Anza led his people over the same trail he had taken before. When they came to Yuma, the Indians rushed out to meet them. They were very curious about the women and children in the company. These were the first white women and children they had ever seen. The Indians asked many questions. They examined all the baggage.

Anza had brought a present for Palma, the Indian chief. He

gave him "1 cloak of blue cloth trimmed with gold, 1 jacket and a pair of breeches of buckskin, 1 cap with its cockade, like that of the dragoons." Palma was proud of his new uniform. He put it on at once. He made a long speech to the Spaniards. Then he made a speech to the Indians.

Anza made a speech too. He told the Indians that they were subjects of King Carlos now. He said that they must stop fighting and live at peace with all the other Indians. The Yumas promised to obey. They begged Anza to send some padres to live with them and teach them.

Anza led that great company safely over the Gila and Colorado rivers. From there the way was easier to find than on the first trip. But the journey through the desert was very hard. There was not water or grass enough for so many animals. Every day some were left dead on the trail.

When they came to the mountains, the people were frightened by the snow storms. Most of them had never before seen snow. They thought they would never reach San Francisco.

After days of terror, they came down on the other side into warm, green valleys. Soon they were in San Gabriel—very near now, they felt, to their own San Francisco home.

It was pleasant to rest from their journey and to talk to the padres about Mexico. While they waited there, Anza and thirty-five of the soldiers went to San Diego to help Rivera put down an Indian uprising. It was more than a month before he returned to lead his people to Monterey.

Three weeks later all that company were safe in Monterey.



The padres sang high mass. They preached sermons of thanksgiving.

The San Francisco colonists had come through many dangers to settle in San Francisco. They wished to go at once and build their homes. But no place had yet been chosen for the settlement.

Anza decided to explore the country around the bay. With a few soldiers he rode to San Francisco. For many days he explored the land about the bay. He marked sites for a mission and presidio.

When Anza returned to Monterey, he asked Rivera to help him put the settlers on their land. But Rivera did not wish to have a colony at San Francisco. He thought he already had too many settlements to defend. He would not talk to Anza about it or answer his letters.

At last Anza said that he could wait no longer. He must return to Mexico. The people were very sad when their leader left them. Many of them cried. They felt that now they were all alone in a strange land. They could not even go to San Francisco and build their homes.

As soon, however, as Anza left, Rivera changed his mind. He sent word to Moraga, who was now the leader, to take the people to San Francisco and build a fort. Moraga obeyed at once. He gathered the people and supplies for the settlement. Soon the last journey was over. They had reached San Francisco.

At last that "port of ports" had a settlement to hold it for the king.

The soldiers and settlers camped on the Laguna de los Dolores.

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They explored the country about the bay. They cut down trees and made them ready to build their houses. They built barracks of tree trunks and tules on Fort Point. Fort Point was the place at which Anza wished the new presidio to be built.

After a month, the soldiers moved their camp to Fort Point. There they waited for nearly two more months until the ship *San Carlos* came with the supplies for the new presidio and mission.

### *Port of Call*

#### PRESIDIO AND MISSION

Just a year after the *San Carlos* came for the first time into the San Francisco harbor, she anchored there again. On board were tools and furniture and supplies for the new mission and presidio.

When Captain Quirós went on shore, he found the soldiers and their families whom Anza had brought from Mexico to settle San Francisco.

Two carpenters and the sailors from the ship helped the soldiers build the presidio and mission buildings. When all were finished, everyone gathered on the shore. They watched the old, old ceremony of taking possession. They heard mass and they sang *Te Deum Laudamus*.

So, on September 17, 1776, the presidio of San Francisco was founded. That was the very year that the Declaration of Independence was signed far away on the Atlantic Coast.

The next month, on October 8, all came on shore again. They and the settlers marched to the Laguna de los Dolores. Again the bells rang, cannon thundered and rockets soared. The cross was raised and blessed. There was a solemn high mass, a procession, and the *Te Deum*.

A sixth mission, San Francisco de Asis, had been founded.

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TO GO FARTHER HE MUST HAVE BOATS

"Is there then to be no mission for our father San Francisco?" Padre Serra had asked Gálvez. And Gálvez had answered, "If San Francisco wants a mission, let him cause his port to be discovered."

That port had been discovered on the journey up the coast. Soon after, there was a mission for San Francisco. But Padre Serra, who had wished so much to honor him, had never seen San Francisco's mission or his port.

Not until a year after its founding did Serra come to the new mission on the Laguna de los Dolores. He was very tired when he arrived, for he had walked all the way from Santa Clara Mission.

Padre Serra was very happy to see at last the San Francisco *puerto*. He sang high mass in the mission. He visited the presidio beside the Golden Gate.

When Padre Serra looked out over the blue waters of the port, he cried, "Thanks be to God that now our father, San Francisco, with the cross of the mission procession has reached the last limit of the California continent. To go farther he must have boats."

## THE SHIP THAT DID NOT STOP

In the next ten years the port was visited only by the Spanish packet boats. The *San Carlos* and the *Santiago* and the *Favorita* brought supplies for mission and presidio. No foreign ship had ever passed between the pillars of the Golden Gate.

In May, 1789, however, there was much excitement at the port. Soldiers polished up their swords and guns. They wished for cannon. There had been two cannon at the port, but one would not shoot, and the other had burst "into ten pieces" not long before.

A letter was the reason for the excitement. It had come from Governor Fages to *Comandante* Jose Arguello. The letter said, "Should there arrive at the port of San Francisco a ship named *Columbia*, which they say belongs to General Washington of the American states . . . you will take measures to secure this vessel. Take it, with all the people on board, with discretion, tact, cleverness, and caution . . . Give me prompt notice in such case in order that I may take such action as may be necessary."

Women talked and talked of what would happen if Washington's ship put in at San Francisco.

Children watched all day long from the hill near the Golden Gate. They trembled in fear, yet half hoped to see the white sails of the ship from the American states.

The *Columbia* did not enter the harbor of San Francisco. She sailed on far north to the port of Nootka. But the people who had feared her coming talked long of George Washington's ship.

They talked about the new American states, of which they heard then for the first time.

### THE FIRST FOREIGN SHIP IN PORT

That famous pirate, Francis Drake, did not see the San Francisco harbor. Not until two hundred years later, did an English ship drop anchor in that port. Captain George Vancouver, like Drake, was on a voyage of discovery and exploration. He visited nearly all the ports in the new world. He made charts and maps of them. He wrote long descriptions of the people and the country. Long after, the children of England used his letters in studying history and geography.

When Vancouver came into San Francisco Bay, the people welcomed him. He had been given permission to visit them, and they were expecting him. They entertained him at the mission and the presidio. They took him on a quail hunt along the shore. They took him on a trip to Santa Clara. They gave him some of everything they had.

Vancouver thought this country was very beautiful. He called it always, "New Albion," because that was the name Drake had given it. Vancouver wrote a long description of the port. He made a map of it. He wrote that he was very much surprised at one thing. He could not understand how Spain could hold so great a country with only a few soldiers. He saw that there were not fifty soldiers at San Francisco. Yet they held in check the thousands of Indians about them.

When the governor found out how much Vancouver had seen at San Francisco, he was alarmed and angry. He scolded the *comandante*. He gave orders that never again might foreigners be shown about the country. He was afraid that the English would find out how weak the Spanish settlements were. Then they might come and try to take California for themselves.

When Vancouver returned to San Francisco the next year, the Spanish would not allow his men to land. They gave him supplies, but they did not invite him to their homes. He stayed only five days, and soon after sailed away to the Sandwich Islands—our Hawaiian Islands.

A year later, Vancouver came for the last time to California. There was a different governor now. This governor made him very welcome. Vancouver stayed a month. Then he set sail for England.

The English learned a great deal about San Francisco from Vancouver's writings. And they never forgot the hospitality of its people to him and all his men.

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*When the Russians Came to San Francisco*

The Spanish had long been afraid that the Russians might try to take California from them.

The Russians were great explorers. They had pushed farther and farther away from Russia. They conquered the people as they went, and they made settlements. They came in 1799 to Sitka in Alaska. Soon there was a large settlement there.

At first, the Russians thought Alaska was a wonderful country. It seemed wonderful to them because it was so much better than Siberia where they had been before. Soon, however, they found that Alaska was a hard country to make a living in. The winters there were very cold and very long. The summers were so short that the people could not raise grain for bread. They raised almost no fruits or vegetables.

In the summer there were good fish in the waters. But in the winter the people had to live on devil fish, sea lions, eagles and crows.

The Russians tried to bring food from the Sandwich Islands, from Chile, and even from Manila. And still their people almost starved.

After 1803, many of the Russian men went with American trading ships to trap otter. They worked farther and farther south along the coast. They found thousands of otter in the bays. They trapped them or traded with the Indians for the skins.

The furs were very beautiful and very valuable. In China one skin sometimes sold for \$150.



The Russian trappers came always farther south. They came to Bodega Bay, near San Francisco, and took many otter there. They came to the Farallone Islands, at the very gates of San Francisco, and left a settlement there.

When the trappers returned to Alaska, they had many tales to tell of the golden land of California. They told of fields of grain, of huge herds of cattle, of fruits and flowers. All who heard these stories wished that they could go to that land. They wished they could take it for their ruler, the czar of Russia.

In 1806, Rezánof, chamberlain to the czar, came to Sitka. He found the people really starving. He thought at once of California.

Rezánof set sail in the *Juno*, a Boston trading ship that he had bought. He had on board much cloth of silk and wool and linen. There were tools and American furniture. He hoped that he could trade these for food for his hungry people.

On the journey down the coast his men, half-starved and scurvy-bitten, could scarcely manage the ship. But at last they neared the Golden Gate. There another danger awaited. They knew that the Spanish king would allow no foreign ships to enter his ports. They wondered if the soldiers in the fort above the gate would turn their cannon on the ship. Carefully, fearfully they sailed into the entrance.

"What ship?" roared a voice above them.

"Russian," Rezánof answered.

"Let go your anchor," the voice ordered.

"Yes, sir! Yes, sir!" Rezánof answered. But he urged his ship forward into the harbor. There he was safe. There was not even a small boat within that bay.

Now, a company of soldiers came down to the shore to meet him. With them was a young man, Luis Arguello. He was *comandante* of the port while his father was away. He took Rezánof to his home. He introduced him to his mother and his sisters. One sister, Concepción, was said to be the loveliest of all the women in that country.

The people of San Francisco almost never saw strangers. They were delighted to have this important man—a chamberlain of the great czar—visit them. They entertained him. They gave parties by day and parties by night.

Rezánof was often in the home of the *comandante*. He admired the gay and lovely sisters there. And especially he admired Concepción—gayest and loveliest of them all.

Then the *comandante* returned, and the governor came from Monterey to see about this Russian visitor. Rezánof asked the governor for permission to trade his cargo for food. The governor frowned. That was against the law. The king would be very angry if they traded with the Russians. Rezánof pleaded. He told him of all the things he had that California needed. The governor said that he would think it over.

Rezánof waited. He still visited at the house of the *comandante*. He spent much time with the beautiful Concepción. He fell in love with her.

Rezánof asked Concepción's father to let them be engaged. The *comandante* was surprised and very much disturbed. Rezánof

was important, but he was of another nation and of another church. Finally, however, he listened to the pleading of Concepción, and he gave his consent.

Meanwhile, the governor had decided that he dared not let the Californians trade with this foreign ship. He feared the king too much.

Rezánof was desperate. He knew his people in Alaska were starving. He thought all was lost. He did not know what to do.

When it seemed most hopeless, help came. Rezánof was now considered a member of Argüello's family. The *comandante* decided to help him. He talked to the governor. After weeks of waiting, the governor decided that he could trade for food.

Soon his ship was loaded with flour, peas, beans, and maize. He was ready to return to Sitka.

Rezánof wished to marry Concepción at once. But the *comandante* would not hear of this. First, he said, Rezánof must get permission from the Pope and from the czar.

Rezánof promised Concepción that he would go at once to Russia to see the czar. Then he would return for her. He boarded his ship and, with all the people of the port watching from the shore, he set sail for Alaska.

His ship arrived safely with the food, and Rezánof set out almost at once for Russia.

Back in San Francisco, Concepción waited for his return. A year passed and then another. People began to say that Rezánof had deserted her. They said he would never come to claim her. But Concepción did not doubt him.

Five years passed, and ten, and twenty years. San Francisco was growing. Ships of many nations anchored in the harbor. Trappers from far America made their way over desert and steep mountains to the now famous port.

Thirty years had passed, and still Concepción was waiting. Others had wished to marry her during that time. But she would listen to none of them. She went about doing good. She cared for the sick. She helped the poor.

Thirty years after Rezánof went away, Concepción met a man who had known him. He told her that Rezánof had started to Russia, but he had never reached it. In Siberia he had been very ill with a fever. He had died there.

And that is the story of the lovely Concepción and the chamberlain to the czar. It is a story that is a part of our old San Francisco, but a story that the new San Francisco likes to remember.

*Yerba Buena—Where San Francisco Began*

Perhaps the true beginnings, not of the port but of our city San Francisco, go back to 1822, when an English whaler, the *Orion*, put in at that port.

On board the *Orion* was a young sailor. His name was William Richardson. For many months Richardson had been at sea. He had done his share of all the work on board the whaler. Sometimes he sat aloft and watched for the white spray of water that told him a whale was near. When he saw it, he cried to those below, "There she blows!" Sometimes he helped to row one of the boats that set off after the whale. With the other sailors he threw his harpoon at the gray mound that rose like an island from the sea. The harpoon was a heavy iron hook with a long rope attached.

Once the whale was hooked, a fast and dangerous ride was on. The whale dived down and down. They must pay out the rope as he went or be dragged under. The whale plunged, he fought, he raced madly round and round. The little boat at the end of the rope swung madly round and after him.

Boats were often overturned and the men drowned in this death race of the whale. In the end, however, the stabbing irons did their work. The whale's plunges grew weaker and weaker. Blood mingled with the foam on the churning waters. The rope went slack. Slowly the whale turned over, until he floated "fin out."

Then the men set up a shout. They dragged the great hulk to the ship.

A platform was lowered. On this the men stood. With long hooks and knives they cut strips of blubber from the whale. They threw the blubber on deck. Others, on deck, cut the blubber into smaller pieces. These pieces were thrown into huge iron pots. Fires were built under the pots. Day and night the fires were kept going, and slowly the blubber was changed into oil.

Oil was on everything. The decks were slippery with it, and the reeking smell of it was everywhere.

The *Orion* took many whales on that voyage to California. Richardson and the other sailors grew so tired and stiff and sick with the work that they thought they never wished to see another whale.

When the ship put in at San Francisco, Richardson asked permission to stay. He was a bricklayer and a carpenter. Governor Solá said that Richardson might stay if he would teach the young men of the port his trades.

For fourteen years Richardson worked at presidio and mission. He became a Mexican citizen. He married a daughter of the *comandante*. He became an important citizen at that port.

In 1835 the governor decided to start a settlement at Yerba Buena Cove. He asked Richardson to live there. He promised to put him in command.

Richardson moved his family to the little cove between Telegraph Hill and Rincon Point. They were then the only inhabitants. All about them were sand ridges grown over with chaparral and a few scrubby oak trees. Wildcats and coyotes roamed about. Deer were often seen, and sometimes grizzly bears

snuffled through the underbrush. Growing everywhere beneath the brush, was a little mintlike vine. Yerba buena, the Spaniards called it. From this little fragrant vine the cove had taken its name.

On a lot that was on what is now Grant Avenue, between Clay and Washington, Richardson built his house. It was only a tent house. But the next year a large adobe took its place.

That same year Jacob Leese took the lot next to Richardson's. Leese had come from Ohio. His "mansion" was a building sixty feet long and twenty-five feet wide. He finished it on the fourth of July.

That afternoon a party began. At three o'clock the guests arrived. There were the Vallejo and Castro and Martinez families from Sonoma. There were many from the presidio and mission.

The hall was decorated with bunting. Outside floated the flags of Mexico and of America.

At five o'clock dinner was served to everyone. After that came the toasts. The first toast was to the Mexican and to the American flag. The second was a toast to General Washington. Vallejo gave that toast.

There were many other toasts, and then the dancing began. They danced all night. They danced all the next day. "Our Fourth ended on the evening of the fifth," Leese said.

Other settlers were coming now to Yerba Buena. The town was growing fast. Soon more than two hundred and fifty people lived there.

In 1847 there was published in the *California Star* a last notice of that little town, and the first notice of our own San Francisco, which is that town grown up.

"AN ORDINANCE"

"Whereas the local name of Yerba Buena . . . is unknown beyond the district . . . It is hereby ordained that the name of San Francisco shall hereafter be used in all . . . records appertaining to the town."





The cabin of the ship was like a store.

## SHOPS AT SEA

### *The First Trading Ship*

It was a warm spring morning in Monterey. The lookout from Punta de Pinos rode madly through the presidio gate. He rode straight up to the door of the *comandante's* home.

"A sail! A strange sail far out at sea!" he bellowed.

"Ho, there! My glass and trumpet," shouted the *comandante*.

"And bring my coat, the best one with the gold braid. And don't forget my boots and hat. Where is my sword? And hunt me up that chart of the flags of all nations.

"Now sound the drum!" he cried. "And let the infantry and artillery appear."

The drummers rushed into the plaza. They beat their drums hard as though they suspected that an enemy was approaching.

The soldiers marched to the fort. They heated cannon balls red hot to fire on the ship.

The women and children made ready to go to the hills.

Everyone polished up swords and guns.

The governor called for his best uniform. He put on his best hat of yellow *vicuña* wool. Then he hurried down to the shore with his officers. The officers' hair was oiled and shining. Their boots were oiled and shining, too.

The ship was coming nearer. The *comandante* looked at it again and again through his glass. He could see its flag. It was

striped and sprinkled with stars. The *comandante* looked at his fifty-year old chart of flags. He looked at the flag on the ship. Then he looked at the chart again. The chart showed the flags of all countries. But it did not show this flag.

"It is a pirate ship," said the people. "It is come to sack our town."

The ship came nearer. The *comandante* raised his trumpet.

"*Que buque?*" he bellowed at the ship.

"*No sabe Español,*" came the faint answer over the water.

The *comandante* tried again. "*Que bandera?*" he shouted through his trumpet.

"*Americana,*" came the answer, stronger this time.

A boat was lowered from the ship. A sailor rowed the captain to shore. The people gathered around him. He was dressed all in black. He wore a high hat and a swallow-tailed coat.

The *comandante* and the soldiers took him before the governor. They called an interpreter.

"This man is a spy," said the *comandante*.

But the captain said he was not a spy and he was not an enemy.

"I am an American," he said. "I sail under the United States flag. I am going to the Sandwich Islands. I stopped here to offer for sale some Chinese goods."

The governor and his officers went into his house to talk it over. The soldiers took the captain and the sailor to the plaza.



"I am an American."

The people gathered around. They looked at the two men and talked them over.

"They are cannibals," said another, "for they chew tobacco, and that is more filthy than eating human flesh."

The noon bell rang for the *Ave María*. All the people went down on their knees for prayers. But the captain did not understand. He did not kneel.

The guards swung their swords. They cried, "Down, down on your knees for *Ave María*."

The captain thought they wished him to kneel so they could kill him. He was frightened.

"Are you like wild Indians that you would murder a man for nothing?" he asked.

But when the interpreter explained, the captain knelt as they wished. However, he kept one eye on the guards.

A messenger came from the governor. The governor was ready to see the captain again.

"We cannot prove that you are a spy or a pirate. But, no doubt you are both," said the governor, and he looked at the captain severely. "You may not sell your Chinese goods here. You may have water for your ship. But you must be off in five hours or you will be hanged."

The captain and his ship were off in much less than five hours, and they stopped at no more California ports to trade.

So the first trading ship came to California in 1817. It stopped only at Monterey, and the exciting story did not reach the other

pueblos for many weeks. But it was very important to all California because it was the beginning of trade with the great world outside.

In a few years many trading ships were stopping every few months at the harbors along the coast. But the *rancheros* and the *pobladores* were not crying "pirate." They were not heating cannon balls or swinging their swords.

When the cry, "A sail!" came, the women and children did not run to the hills. Instead, they hurried to bring the men's hats. They oiled their hair and braided it into long queues. They said, "Do hurry and get to the ship before all the *rebozos* and good buttoned shoes are sold." They begged the men not to forget that it took ten yards of calico to make a dress. "And do remember," they said, "that we want red."

### *The Trading Ships at Sea*

The ships that dropped anchor in California harbors came from strange and far-off places. There were ships from Peru bringing cloth and sugar. There were ships from San Blas and Mazatlan and Acapulco. The ships carried rice, sugar, *panocha*, saddles, silk and cotton *rebozos*, cotton and woolen serapes, and shoes.

There were ships from England and Germany and France. Ships from China brought silks and dishes and spices. There were ships from India and the Sandwich Islands and Callao. There were white-sailed ships from Boston in America.

All the ships on the sea at that time were sailing ships. It was not until 1849 that the first steamship came to California.

It took months, sometimes a year, for a sailing ship to come even from Boston to California. Often the ships would lie in one place for weeks because there was no wind to drive them on.

After they reached California, they often had to trade up and down the coast for a year or two to get enough hides to fill the ship.

Most trading ships carried from ten to twenty men. First was the captain. He had a cabin by himself. On shipboard he was like a king. Every day he set the course of the ship.

He gave orders to the first mate, who was next in command. He did not talk with the men. The captain talked with the first mate and told him what was to be done. The first mate then gave orders to the men.

There was a second mate who was also an officer, but he did

not have much power. The men did not like to obey him. The captain and first mate blamed him for everything that went wrong.

There was also a cook. He was a very important person. Everyone was polite to him. He could help the men and the officers in many ways.

Then there was a cabin boy. He ran errands and did some of the same work that the crew did, but he was too young to be able to do the very hard jobs.

Some ships carried only five men for a crew and some carried more. These men were like prisoners when they were on the ship. If they did as the officers told them, they were usually well treated. But no man could say what he would or would not do.

The crew did all the work of cleaning the ship. They set the sail. They painted the sides of the ship. They tarred the riggings. When they had finished their other work, they made rope from scraps of thread.

All sailors had to make and mend their clothing. They made their shoes. They washed and pressed their clothing, too. The sailors did not have much time to sit around and think what hard jobs they had.

It was hard work, and often they were treated badly. Their food was only salt beef and hard bread, and on Sunday a little flour pudding. When they crossed the equator, it was so hot they thought they would be burned. When they took the ship around the Horn, it was so cold their clothing was frozen hard and stiff.

Yet most of the sailors would do nothing else. They liked to



fight with the sea. They thought of their ship as if it was a person. They called it by its name. They liked, too, to visit strange lands and see strange people. They liked to taste new fruits and to carry home strange and lovely things.

While Spain owned California, trading ships were forbidden to come here. The king said California could not trade with foreign ships.

Some of the ships came anyway. Their trade with the people was called smuggling. They could have been punished if they had been caught. There were, however, only a few officers in the harbors, and they had no ships to chase the smugglers with.

Of course, the people were always glad to see the trading ships, for there were no factories in all California. So it was only from the trading ships that they could get the many things they needed but could not make at home.

From about 1815 on, Spain was very busy fighting. She could send no ships to her colonies in California. During this time even the officers were glad to see the trading ships.

After 1823 California belonged to Mexico. Mexico was glad for the foreign ships to come. The ships did not need to smuggle then, but they had to pay duty.

When a trading ship came to trade, it had to go first to Monterey, because that was the capital. The captain had to unload all his goods for the customs officers to see. He had to pay so much on each thing. Then he could load up again and go trading up and down the coast until all his goods were gone.

*Don Augustín and the Trading Ship*

A Boston ship dropped anchor in San Pedro harbor on a fine September morning.

The first mate bawled, "All hands on deck." The crew tumbled out of bed. They hurried on deck to see what he wished.

The mate gave orders. He sent some of the sailors to lower a boat. They were to row the officer in charge of the cargo, called the supercargo, to shore. He would hire a horse there. Then he would ride to Los Angeles and tell the citizens that a ship was come from Boston loaded with fine American goods.

He would ride to all the ranchos near-by, too.

The sailors who were left were put to cleaning up. They holystoned the deck and washed it down. They coiled up each rope just so. They polished up the brasses. They helped lay out the goods. They worked hard and fast. Everything must be clean and shining before the rancheros came to see the goods.

The mate shouted orders at the men. The captain strode up and down and up and down. He looked at everything to be sure it was clean and shining. If it was not, he called the mate. The mate called the sailors. He made them go over it again.

When all was ready, the captain decided to go ashore. He wished to see someone in Los Angeles. Four sailors rowed him in. They waited on the shore with the boat. Soon the rancheros would be coming. The sailors would row them to the ship.

They watched for someone to come, but they could see no one. For all they could see beyond them was a field of wild mustard that grew as tall as a man's head.

They had not waited long when a sailor said, "Here comes our first customer."

The other sailors looked, but they could see no one. They looked again where the first sailor pointed. A wave ran through the field of mustard. Now they could see the wide hat and the bright blue shoulders of a man above the bobbing yellow sea of mustard.

Then they saw the head of his horse, and at last they saw both man and horse as they came out of the mustard onto the beach.

The man was Augustín Machado. He was a ranchero who lived near-by.

He rode up to the boat. He sprang from his horse and walked toward the sailors.

He wore a jacket of blue velveteen with red facings and braidings. Along the edge were large gold buttons stamped with the Mexican eagle. Under the jacket was a yellow *coleta* vest and an embroidered shirt. His knee breeches were blue velveteen, with silver galoon at the knee. About his waist was a bright red sash. His hat was of felt. It was flat and very wide. Around it was a band of colored beads. Under his hat he wore a black silk handkerchief, tied tightly about his head. His shoes were of yellow and brown leather, and around his legs were *botas*, or leggings, of deerskin.

Over his shoulder was a serape. It was of fine blue broadcloth with red lining. In the center was an oval-shaped opening for the head. It was bound with black velvet, and all around it was silver lace.

"*Buenos días*," said Don Agustín to the sailor.

Other men were riding through the mustard. The supercargo came. With him was a ranchero.

The sailors pushed the boat into the water. Everyone sprang in. The sailors rowed them to the ship.

The cabin of the ship was like a store. There were shelves and counters covered with everything from nails to perfumes.

There were bolts of cotton cloth, brown and white, for shirts and sheets. There were prints and bright calicoes, cotton and silk handkerchiefs and stout velveteens. Fine muslins and red flannels and linens were on the shelves. Red and black silk stockings for the women and white cotton and wool stockings for the men were there.

Hardware—nails and hinges and knives, one could buy. Glassware and tinware and chinaware sparkled on the shelves. There were silver thimbles and hoes and spades. Window glass, eight inches by ten inches, was in a drawer all carefully wrapped. It was very expensive and they must take good care of it.

Beautiful American furniture was there for those who could afford it. There were tall beds and carved tables and chairs, and bureaus of walnut and maple with mirrors.

There were tea and perfume and gold and silver laces.

The rancheros were on the ship a long time. Don Agustín

bought many things for himself and his wife and children. Perhaps there would not be another ship in the harbor for months, and there were no stores where he could buy these things.

For shoes Don Augustín paid four dollars. For boots he paid fifteen dollars. The boots were shiny, as if they had been varnished and, of course, they were much too small. No Californian would wear large boots. It was very stylish to have small feet. Sometimes a man would wear such small boots that it took an hour to get them on. They hurt him when he walked. But no one liked to admit that he had large feet.

Calico was fifty cents a yard. Some of the fine *rebozos* were one hundred and fifty dollars. Sugar was twenty cents a pound. A good saddle was three hundred dollars.

When Machado had all he wished, he told the supercargo to have the sailors take it to the shore. His *carretas* would be waiting there. He said nothing about paying for the goods.

The supercargo was a young man. This was his first trip to California. He did not know that a Californian always paid his debts. He did not know that everyone said, "A Californian's word is as good as his bond."

The supercargo asked Don Augustín for payment or for a note. The *ranchero* could not believe he had heard right. He stared at the supercargo in surprise.

The supercargo asked him to write down when he would pay for the goods. Machado could not write. But with great dignity he pulled one hair from his beard. He gave it to the supercargo.

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"Give this to your captain," said Machado. "Tell him it is a hair from the beard of Augustín Machado. It is guaranty enough."

The young man was ashamed. He took the hair. He put it inside his account book.

When the captain came to the ship, he was angry with the supercargo.

He said, "Señor Machado's word is as good as his bond. He could have all the goods on the ship if he wished them, and he need not pay until he is ready."

*California Bank Notes*

Someone has called cowhides the Californians' bank notes. They used them just as we use money. There was very little gold or silver money in California before the Americans came. But no one missed it.

Nearly everything the Californians bought was from the trading ships. The captains of these ships were glad to get hides and tallow for their goods.

Sometimes they would take a little wheat or barley, and the ships from China took otter skins. But most of them would take only hides and tallow.

The people did not try to raise more grain than they needed. They could not sell it or trade it, and it was of no use to them.

Until the Americans came, not much farming was done. There was only one great industry. That was stock-raising.

A *ranchero* usually kept twelve or fifteen thousand cattle. They ran almost wild over the hills and the broad plains about the pueblos. Only once each year, in April, the Indian *vaqueros* rounded up the cattle. They branded the calves. Then the cattle were turned loose.

When the *ranchero* needed hides to pay the captains of the trading ships, he held a *matanza*.

He called six *nuqueadores*. They were some of his Indian servants. He told them how many hides he wanted. The six *nuqueadores* rode into the fields. They carried knives. Passing near a cow, one would hit it on the neck with his knife, and the

cow would fall dead. The *nuqueador* did not stop his horse to do this. He rode always as fast as the horse could run.

Dozens of *peladores* followed the *nuqueadores*. They quickly took off the hides.

Next came the *tasejeras*. They cut up the meat into *tasajo* and *pulpa*.

Last came a large group of Indian women. They gathered up the tallow. Afterward they rendered, or melted, the fat in large iron kettles. They put it in hides sewed up like a bag. These bags were called *botas*. For a *bota* of tallow, a *ranchero* was given forty dollars in trade.

The hides were stretched on the ground. The Indians drove sticks through them into the ground. The hides were left there until they were dry.

When the hides were dry, the sticks were pulled out. Then, if a ship was in the harbor, the Indians loaded the hides into *carretas* and took them to the harbor. Sailors rowed in from the ship. They loaded the hides and *botas* into their boat. Then they took them to the ship. The *rancheros* were given two dollars for each hide.

The hides which the *rancheros* brought were dry. But they were not well cured. It would be two or three years before they would be taken to Boston, and they would not keep that long. So the sailors had to take care of them.

In San Diego there were a number of hide-houses. Hides were shipped there. Two or three sailors lived at each hide-house. They spent all their time taking care of the hides.



First they soaked them in sea water until they were soft. Then they scraped and cleaned them. They stretched them in frames on the beach. When the hides were dry, the sailors sprinkled salt on them. Last the men folded the hides in half.

When a ship had sold all its goods and had enough hides to fill its hold, it was ready to start back to Boston. The sailors would take the hides from the hide-houses. They would pack them in the hold, using jack-screws to press them down. Some ships held forty thousand hides.

When all the hides were loaded, the sailors took on fresh water. Then they were off on the long, long journey toward Boston.

Perhaps in four or five years, many of these same hides came back to California. This time they were on the deck of the ship, and the Californians paid hundreds of dollars for them as boots and coats and saddles.

So end our stories of hides and silver laces.

Cattle raising did not make millionaires of the Californians, but it gave them everything they wanted. They had comfortable houses, big enough for themselves and with plenty of room for their friends. They had good food for themselves and always enough for friends. They had fine, bright clothing and, best of all, they had plenty of time to be happy.

The cattle took care of themselves. There were miles and miles of pasture for them to live on. They drank from the springs. They lay down under the stars. They made not one hour of work for their owners. Yet they gave food and cloth-

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ing and shelter. Because of their cattle, the pueblo people and the rancheros could do just as they liked. They entertained their friends. They visited from rancho to rancho. Sometimes they stayed a month or more.

They lived like princes in a fairy tale! And all their magic was cattle!

# The Pronunciation of Spanish Names and Words

The attempt to represent the Spanish sounds by English equivalents is, of course, only approximate. The pronunciation indicated follows the Spanish-American usage of today.

## TABLE OF EQUIVALENT SOUNDS

<i>Spanish</i>	VOWELS	<i>English</i>
a . . . . .		ä (as in "father")
e (as in "le") . . . . .		ā (as in "play")
e (as in "el") . . . . .		č (as in "men")
i . . . . .		ee (as in "see")
o (as in "lo") . . . . .		ō (as in "go")
o (as in "con") . . . . .		ō (as in "odd")
u . . . . .		oo (as in "moon")

## DIPHTHONGS

ai, ay . . . . .	ȳ (as in "fry")
ei, ey . . . . .	ā (as in "play")
ia . . . . .	yä (as in "yard")
ie . . . . .	yč (as in "yes")
io . . . . .	yō (as in "york")
ua . . . . .	wä (as in "want")
ue . . . . .	wā (as in "way")
ui . . . . .	wee

## CONSONANTS

c (before a, o, u, or a consonant) . . . . .	k
c (before e, i) . . . . .	s (as in "see")
d Except as the beginning of a word, the consonant <i>d</i> is pronounced very softly, with the end of the tongue between the teeth. <i>D</i> at the beginning of a word is pronounced as in English.	
g (before a, o, u, or a consonant) . . . . .	g (as in "go")
g (before e, i) . . . . .	h (as in "he")
g (before ue, ui) . . . . .	g (as in "go") u silent
h . . . . .	(silent)
j . . . . .	h (as in "he")
ll . . . . .	y (as in "yes")
ñ . . . . .	ñ, ny (as in cañon, canyon)
r, rr . . . . .	r (trilled)
s . . . . .	s (as in "so")
z . . . . .	s (as in "so")

# THE LITTLE DICTIONARY

## Spanish and Indian Words

- Acapulco (*ah-cah-poohl'koh*), a little town on the south coast of Mexico.
- alb (*ahlb*), a white robe worn by priests.
- alcalde (*ahl-cahl'day*), a mayor.
- Alejandro Rosas (*ahl-ay-hahn'dro roh'sahss*), one of the first settlers of Los Angeles.
- almuerzo (*ahl-mwair'sso*), breakfast.
- Altar (*ahl-tar'*), a small town in Mexico.
- Antonio de Mendoza (*ahn-tohn-yoh day mehn-doh'sah*), viceroy of Mexico when Cabrillo came to California.
- Antonio María Lugo (*ahn-tohn-yoh mah-ree'ah loo'goh*), a famous citizen of Los Angeles.
- Antonio Mesa (*ahn-tohn-yoh may'sah*), one of the first settlers of Los Angeles.
- Antonio Navarro (*ahn-tohn-yoh nah-vahr'roh*), one of the first settlers of Los Angeles.
- Anza (*ahn'sah*), an early explorer of California.
- arrastre (*ahr-rahs'tray*), a mill used to grind grain.
- Arcadia Bandini (*ahr-kahd-ya bahn-dee'nee*), she was called the "most beautiful woman in California."
- Argüello (*ahr-gwail'yoh*), Mexican governor of California.
- atole (*ah-toh'lay*), a porridge made of grains.
- Augustín Fernández (*ah-goos-teen' fair-nahn'dess*), was a messenger who came from Mexico to tell Californians that they belonged to Mexico.
- Augustín Iturbide (*ah-goos-teen' ee-toor-bee-day*), was made emperor of Mexico.
- Augustín Machado (*ah-goos-teen' mah-chah'doh*), a ranchero who lived near Los Angeles.
- Ave María Purísima (*ah'vay mah-ree'ah poo-rees'ee-mah*), a greeting.
- Ayala (*ah-yah'la*), a Spanish explorer.
- ayuntamiento (*ah-yoon-tahm-yehn'toh*), a city council.
- Bahía de los Pinos (*bah-ee'ah day lohs pee'nohss*), Bay of Pines.
- bamba (*bahm'bah*), a dance.

Bartolo (*bahr-toh'loh*), a shepherd in "La Pastorela."

Basilio Rosas (*bah-seel'yoh roh'sahss*), one of the first settlers of Los Angeles.

Bato (*bah'toh*), the chief shepherd in "La Pastorela."

bendito (*behn-dee'toh*), a prayer.

Benardino de Jesus (*bair-nahr-dee'noh day hay-sooss'*), the name Padre Serra gave to the first Indian boy to be baptized in Upper California.

botas (*boh'tahss*), leggings or bags made from cowhide.

Bouchard (*boo-shar'*), a French pirate who came to California in 1818.

Bucareli (*boo'kah-ray'lee*), viceroy of New Spain.

buenos días (*bwain-ohss dee'ahss*), "Good day."

buñuelos (*boon-uh-way'lohss*), doughnuts.

caballeros (*kah-bah-yeh'rohss*), gentlemen.

calabozo (*kahl-ah-boh'so*), jail.

Cañada de los Osos (*kahn-yah'dah day lohss oh-sohs*), Canyon of the Bears.

Cara de Caballo (*kah-rah day kah-bah-yo*), face of a horse. The name given to Abel Stearns by his vaqueros.

Carrillo (*kah-ree'yo*), a famous citizen of early California.

Carmelo (*kar-may'loh*), the river that ran by San Carlos Mission. The mission was often called Carmelo also.

carrera del gallo (*kah-ray-rah del gah-yo*), snatching the rooster.

carreta (*kah-ray'tah*), a large, heavy cart.

cascaron (*kahs-kah-rohn*), tinsel-filled eggshell.

Casa Grande (*kah'sah grahn'day*), big house. General Vallejo's country home.

Cedros (*say'drohss*), an island west of Lower California.

cha (*cha*), tea.

chacharakel (*cha-char-ah-kef'*), an Indian game.

chía (*chee'ah*), a wild grass.

chichinabros (*chee-chee-nah'brohss*), people or beings that can think.

churchurki (*chur-chur-kee*), an Indian game.

coleta (*koh-lay'tah*), a wooden cloth.

comadre (*koh-mah'dray*), godmother.

comandante (*koh-mahn-dahn'tay*), commander.

compadre (*kohm-pah'dray*), godfather.

Concepción (*kohn-sep-see-ohn'*), daughter of Luis Argüello.

Costansó (*kohs-tahn-soh'*), the map maker with Portolá.

Crespí (*kres-pee'*), a priest who came with Portolá.

del berruchi (*dehl bair-roo'chee*), made of deerskin.

Del Valle (*dehl vahl-yay*), surname of family of important citizens of Los Angeles.

disciplinas (*diss-ee-plee'nahss*), a whip.

Doña Dolores (*doh'nyah doh-lohr'ess*), Mrs. Dolores, wife of Antonio Lugo.

Doña Eulalia Pérez (*doh'nyah eh-oo-lahl-yah pehr'ess*), matron at San Gabriel Mission.

Don Alfredo (*dohn al-fray'doh*), Mr. Alfred, the Californians' name for Alfred Robinson.

Doña María Vallejo (*doh'nyah mah-ree'ah vah-yay'ho*), sister of General Mariano Vallejo.

Doña Victoria (*doh'nyah veek-tohr'yah*), wife of Hugo Reid, and daughter of a Yang Na chieftain.

Don Carlos III (*dohn kahr'lohs tair-sehr'roh*), king of Spain when Portolá came to California.

Don Felipe III (*dohn fay-lee'pay tair-sehr'roh*), king of Spain when Cabrillo came to California.

Don Felipe de Neve (*dohn fay-lee'pay day neh'vay*), governor of California when Los Angeles was founded.

El Azucarero (*ehl ah-soo-kahr-ray'roh*), the sugar-maker.

el camino real (*ehl kah-mee'noh ray-ahl'*), the royal road.

El Oso (*ehl oh'soh*), the bear. The name given Governor Fages.

El Puerto Famoso (*ehl pwair'toh fah-moh'soh*), the excellent port.

Estudillo (*ess-too-dee-yo*), surname of an important family in Los Angeles.

Felix Villavicencio (*fay'leeks vee-yah-vee-sen'syoh*),<sup>1</sup> one of the first settlers of Los Angeles.

Ferrelo (*fair-rehl'oh*), captain of Cabrillo's ship.

fiesta (*fee-es'tah*), a festival or holiday.

galería (*gah-leh-ree'ah*), a porch or corridor.

galleon (*gal'ee-uhn*), a treasure ship.

galón (*gah-loon'*), a binding of rich material, as silk or gold lace.

Gálvez (*gahl'vayss*), viceroy of Mexico when Portolá came to California.

garbanzas (*gahr-bahn'sahss*), chick-peas.

Gaspar de Portolá (*gahs-pahr' day pohr-toh-lah'*), first governor of California.

gatera (*gah-tehr'ah*), a cat hole.

Gila (*hee'lah*), the funny woman in the play of "La Pastorela."

Guadalupe Vallejo (*gwa-dah-loo'pay vah-yay'ho*), daughter of General Mariano Vallejo.

hacienda (*ah-see-en'dah*), farm.

hararicuar (*har-ahr-ee-kwar*), an Indian game.

islay (*ees'lie*), the wild cherry.

Jacinto Rodríguez (*hah-keen'toh roh-dree'gehs*), one who took a part in "La Pastorela."

jarabe (*hah-rah'bay*), a dance.

José de Lara (*hoh-say' day lahr'ah*), one of the first settlers of Los Angeles.

José Moreno (*hoh-say' moh-ray'no*), one of the first settlers of Los Angeles.

José Vanegas (*hoh-say' vah-nay'gahss*), one of the first settlers of Los Angeles.

jota (*hoh'tah*), a dance.

Juan Bautista Alvarado (*hwahn bah-oo-tees'tah ahl-vah-rah-doh*) a governor of California.

Juan Bautista de Anza (*hwahn bah-oo-tees'tah day ahn'sah*), a Spanish explorer and leader.

Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo (*hwahn roh-dree'gehss kah-bree-yo*), the first white man to reach Upper California.

Juez del Campo (*hoo-ace' dehl kahm'poh*), judge of the field.

La Brea (*lah bray'ah*), tar. A place near Los Angeles where tar was found.

la frontera (*lah frohn-tehr-ah*), the frontier.

la noche buena (*lah noh'chay bwain'ah*), the good night. Christmas Eve.

"La Pastorela" (*lah pahs-tohr-ayl'ah*), a play of the shepherds.

La Pérouse (*lah pare-oos'*), a French explorer who came to California in 1785.

La Posesión (*lah poh-sehss-yohn*), the possession. Name given to San Miguel Island by Cabrillo.

los diablos (*loh's dee-ah-bloh'ss*), the devils.

Luis Quintero (*loo-ees' keen-tehr'oh*), one of the first settlers of Los Angeles.

madroña (*mah-drohn'ya*), a tree with large, flat leaves.

mahar (*mah-har*), Indian for "five."

Majorca (*mah-yohr'kah*), an island belonging to Spain.

Manisar (*mahn-ee-sahr'*), daughter of an Indian chief.

Manuel Camero (*mahn-wehl' kah-mehr'oh*), one of the first settlers of Los Angeles.

matanza (*mah-tahn'sah*), the slaughter.

Mariano Vallejo (*mah-ree-ahn'oh vah-yay'hoh*), a general who ruled all of Northern California.

mayordomo (*mah-yor-doh'mo*), steward.

metate (*meh-tah'tay*), a hollowed stone for grinding grain.

monjeria (*mohn-hay-ree'ah*), a nunnery.

Moraga (*moh-rah'gah*), lieutenant under Anza.

Navidad (*nah-vee-dad*), a little town on the coast of Mexico.

neophyte (*nee-oh-fight*), one who had been baptized.

no sabe Español (*no sah'bay ehss-pahn-yol'*), the words used by the American when he tried to say: "I do not understand Spanish."

novena (*noh-vay'nah*), nine days given over to worship for some special purpose.

nuquedores (*noo-kay-dohr-ess*), men who killed cattle by a blow on the neck.

Octavio Custot (*oak-tah'vee-oh kuhs'toh*), a Frenchman who claimed that he could make sugar from beets.

Ortega (*ohr-tay'gah*), surname of a famous family of early California.

pabavit (*pah-bah-vit*), Indian for "man."

Pablo Rodriguez (*pah-bloh roh-dree'ghess*), one of the first settlers of Los Angeles.

Pablo Vicente de Solá (*pah-bloh vee-cen'tay day so-tah'*), last Spanish governor of California.

Padre Gómez (*pah-dray goh'mess*), Father Gómez. A priest who came with Portolá's party.

Padre Junípero Serra (*pah-dray hoo-nee'pair-oh sair'rah*), Father Junípero Serra. The first president of the California missions.

Padre Lasuén (*pah-dray lah-soo-en'*), Father Lasuén. The second president of the missions.



Padre Palou (*pah-dray pah-loo'*), friend and schoolmate of Father Serra.

Padre Tapis (*pah-dray tah'peess*), Father Tapis.

pahe (*pah-hay*), Indian for "three."

paisanos (*pie-sah'noss*), peasants, country people.

palacio (*pah-lah-syoh*), palace.

panocha (*pah-noh'cha*), coarse, brown sugar.

Pedrito (*pay-dree'toh*), little Peter.

Pedro Fages (*pay-droh fah'hess*), second Spanish governor of California.

peladores (*pay-lah-dohr-ess*), skimmers.

peso (*pay'soh*), a Mexican coin.

Petaluma (*peh-tah-loo'mah*), General Vallejo's rancho.

piloto (*pee-loh'toh*), a pilot.

pinole (*pee-noh'lay*), a porridge of grains.

Pío Pico (*pee'oh pee'koh*), a famous citizen of Los Angeles and San Diego. The last Mexican governor of California.

Platón (*plah-toan'*), son of General Mariano Vallejo.

poblador (*poh-blah-dohr*), citizen.

Porciúncula (*pohr-see-oon'koo-lah*), the name given to the Los Angeles River by the Spanish.

pozolera (*poh-soh-lair-ah*), the kitchen.

Pueblo de Sardinias (*pway-bloh day sahr-deen'ahs*), Town of the Sardines.

presidio (*preh-see'dee-yoh*), a fort town.

procurador síndico (*proh-koo-rah-dohr' seen'dee-koh*), attorney general.

princesa (*preen-say'sah*), princess.

puebla (*pway-blah*), a state or province in México.

puchero (*poo-chay'roh*), boiled meat and vegetables.

pucu (*poo-koo*), Indian for "one."

pulpa (*pool'pah*), ground meat.

Punta de los Pinos (*poon'tah day lohs pee'nohss*), Point of Pines.

¿Qué bandera? (*kay bahn-day'rah*), what flag?

¿Qué buque? (*kay boo'kay*), what ship?

ranchería (*rahn-chay-ree'ah*), an Indian village.

ranchero (*rahn-chay'roh*), a rancher.

ranchito (*rahn-chee'toh*), little ranch.

reata (*ray-ah'tah*), a lasso, a rope.

rebozos (*ray-bohs'ohss*), shawls.

Requena (*ray-kay'nah*), surname of important citizens of Los Angeles.

Rezánoff (*ray-zahn'off*), chamberlain to the Russian czar.

Rivera (*ree-vair'ah*), Spanish general who came with Portolá.

rodeo (*roh-day'oh*), gathering together of the cattle.

Salvador (*sahl-vah-dohr*), General Mariano Vallejo's brother.

San Antonio (*sahn ahn-tohn'yoh*), ship used by Portolá's party.

San Blas (*sahn blahss'*), a little port in Mexico from which Portolá's party sailed.

San Buenaventura (*sahn bway-nah-vehn-too-rah*), a mission founded in 1782.

San Carlos Borroméo (*sahn kahr'lohs bohr-roh-may'oh*), capital of the missions of Upper California.

San Diego (*sahn dee-ay'goh*), the first mission in Upper California.

San Francisco (*sahn frahn-seess'coh*), mission founded 1776.

San Gabriel (*sahn gah-bree-ehl*), a mission founded in 1771.

San Lucas (*sahn loo'cahss*), a cape on the southern coast of Lower California.

San Mateo (*sahn mah-tay'oh*), hills above San Francisco Bay.

San Miguel (*sahn mee-gehl'*), name given to San Diego Bay by Cabrillo.

Santa Margarita y las Flores (*sahn'tah mahr-gah-ree'tah ee lahss flohr'ess*), Saint Margaret and the Flowers. A ranch belonging to Pío Pico.

Santa Ysabel (*sahn'tah ee-sah-behl'*), a ranch near San Diego.

Señora Gobernadora (*say-nyo'rah goh-bair-nah-dohr'ah*), the governor's wife.

Señorita María Francisca Felipe Benicia Carillo (*say-nyo-ree'tah mah-ree'ah frahn-sees'kah fay-lee'pay bay-nee'cyah cah-ree'yo*), the young woman who became the wife of General Mariano Vallejo.

Solano (*soh-lahn'oh*), chief of an Indian tribe.

Sonóita (*so-no'ee-tah*), a town in Mexico.

Suisunes (*soo-ee-soon'ess*), an Indian tribe.

supercargo, a ship agent.

tanate (*tah-nah'tay*), a bag made of skin. A certain quantity.

tallarines (*tahl-yah-reen'ess*), noodles.

tasajeros (*tah-sah-hair'ohss*), men who cut up meat to make jerked beef.

tasajo (*tah-sah'hoh*), jerked beef.

Tecate (*tay-cal'tay*), Don Juan Bandini's rancho.

Te Deum Laudamus (*tay day-oom lah-oo-dah'mooss*), a church song.

Tía Juana (*tee'ah hwa'd'nah*), an early California rancho.

tobohar (*toh-boh-har*), Indian for "woman."

Tomás de Aquina (*toh-mahs' day ah-kee'nah*), a priest who came with Viscaíno

tortilla (*tohr-tee'yah*), a pancake made of corn that was used as we use bread.

Tubac (*too-bahk*), a town in Mexico.

Tulares (*too-lahr'ess*), place of the tules.

Uva Espina (*oo-vah ehs-pee'nah*), gooseberry. Hugo Reid's rancho.

Vancouver (*van-coo'verr*), an English explorer who came to California in 1791

vaquero (*vah-kay'roh*), a cowboy.

vicuna (*vee-koo'nyah*), yellow, woolen cloth.

Viscaíno (*vees-kah-ee'noh*), the second white man to explore Upper California.

visitadores (*vees-ee-tah-dohr'ess*), visitors.

watza (*wat-za*), Indian for "four."

wauri (*wow-ree*), an Indian game.

wehé (*way-hay*), Indian for "two."

Yang Na (*yahng nah'*), an Indian village.

Yabagnar (*yoh-bahg-nahr*), the Indian church.

Ysidora (*ee-see-dohr'ah*), Pío Pico's sister.

